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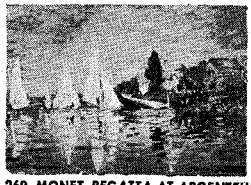

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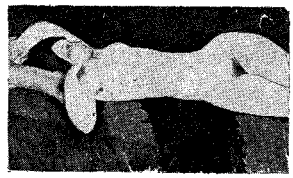

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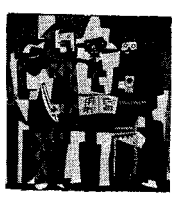

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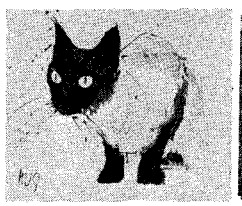

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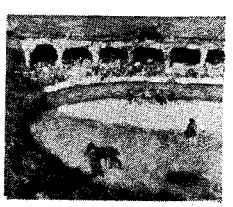

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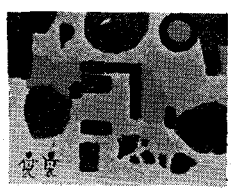

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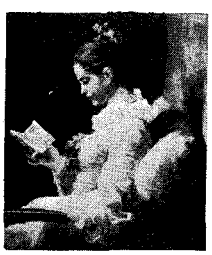

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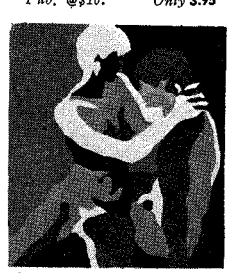

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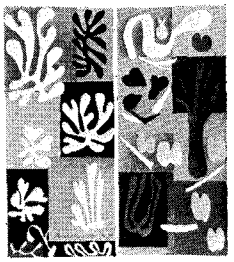

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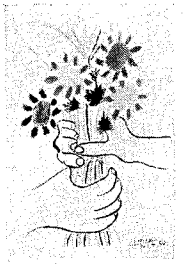

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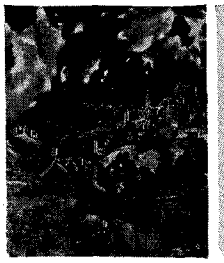

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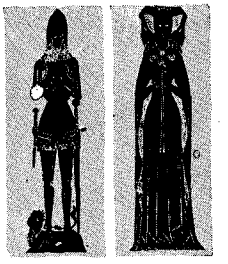

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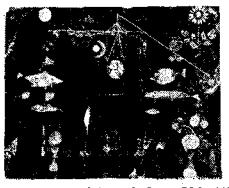

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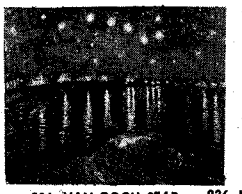

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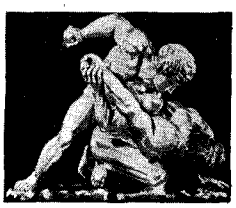

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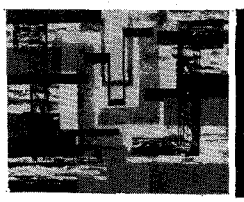

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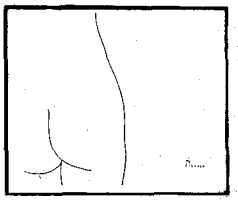

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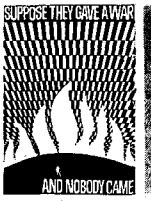

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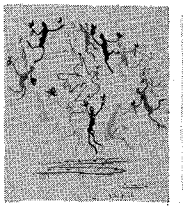

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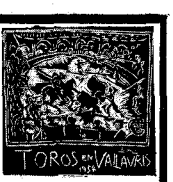

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FAMOUS LAMBERT GUARANTEE

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TRB®

from Washington

It Can't Last . . .

My daughter had a baby in Helsinki two years ago and the total hospital bill was $7.50 – for five days at $1.50 a day.

Seven of the 10 provinces of Canada now have compulsory health insurance and it will be dominion-wide soon. Every industrial nation in the world today, save one, has some form of compulsory health care. The one exception is the United States. In the United States the cost of hospital and medical care has risen faster than any other item on the cost of living chart; the upward slope is so steep that it is questionable whether an automobile could climb it.

The crisis in health care is so severe that it seems worth while to turn momentarily from the deepening crisis of President Nixon with Congress, with the campus and with enlarging segments of the rest of the country to look at it.

Mr. Nixon, at a press conference on health care July 10 said that the "problem is much greater than I had realized. We face a massive crisis in this area and unless action is taken both administratively and legislatively . . . we will have a breakdown in our medical care system affecting millions. I don't think I am overstating the case."

Or, as a Mexican-American in San Antonio, Texas, told a Louis Harris health survey for a recent Blue Cross report, "I went to the county hospital and saw a girl have her baby in the hall. They didn't have the room to take care of her."

Doctors in the District of Columbia General Hospital, which treats mainly poor people, are currently in revolt over crowding and obsolete equipment. In Lincoln Hospital, New York City, some doctors are out picketing current cutbacks. Conditions are near-intolerable in many institutions over the country and this is odd, when you come to think of it, because this is the richest land on earth, and it is all of 86 years since old Otto von Bismarck introduced a national health service in Germany.

So instead of noting the anti-Vietnam war demonstration this Wednesday we just thought we would consider the conference of the Committee for National Health Insurance (CNHI) in New York City, in mid-week, with 35 or 40 organizations represented. We believe, quite simply, that compulsory national health insurance is an idea whose time has come. Or, at least that the hand points to five minutes of the hour.

The point is that it's suddenly respectable to favor national insurance and that it is gathering considerable momentum. We've quoted Mr. Nixon, and the epithets he threw at our barren table welfare system (before proposing his widely acclaimed family income assistance plan) could go double for America's crazy nonsystem of health care. The National Governors' Conference just adopted overwhelmingly a proposed new universal health plan. The Group Health Association of America has come out for national health insurance. The AFL-CIO offers a plan, and so doees UAW president Walter Reuther who, incidentally, is chairman of the CNHI conference. On his Committee of 100 are academic, union, church and political representatives, the latter including Senators Cooper, Kennedy and Yarborough.

For Long

Even the venerable American Medical Association has a plan. It cried "socialism" in 1953 at federal requirements for state diagnostic services for crippled children, and in 1962 labeled Medicare for the elderly "a cruel hoax and a delusion." Its current proposal seems to be a feint. It is introduced by conservative Sen. Fannin (R, Ariz.), and the *Medical World News* (Sept. 19) says of it: "Hoping to stem the tide toward a government program, the AMA endorses an income-tax-credit health plan similar to one it advocated 10 years ago. . . . Lines are being drawn for what could be the bloodiest battle yet between the AMA and liberal forces in the nation."

In fiscal year 1969 the US spent an estimated $60 billion for health purposes. Despite this huge sum our system is so wobbly that our hospitals would collapse except for the import of foreign medical manpower. Half a dozen of the 91 US medical schools are near closing for lack of funds, while thousands of students can't get funds for the long and arduous course. They graduate only 7400 physicians a year which is nowhere enough. So we currently add about 7000 foreign graduated physicians a year to America's 287,000 doctors in active practice. Many come on temporary visas for training, and foreign trainees hold 30 percent of the filled medical residencies in the country and 27 percent of the internships. "We could not operate our hospitals without them," one hospital head says.

At home we have a tight medical system that is a lot like the white Chicago builders trade union. One-sixth of the active physician manpower pool in the US consists of graduates of foreign medical schools. A British official said recently that high medical pay in the US has "affected every country in Africa." It seems strange, doesn't it, to send US foreign aid abroad and drain away its physicians. Some of these underdeveloped countries have only one doctor to 200,000 people; we import him here and make him rich in a land where there is about one doctor per 700 people.

But never mind Africa. Is our own $60 billion system efficient? No, it's terrible. Private health insurance has done all it could. Millions of poor are cut off from all health services except in serious emergency. Over one-fifth of draftees are rejected for medical reasons. Fees are soaring, and hospital cost per day is $56 and skyrocketing. And the world's richest country ranks behind 13 other industrial nations in infant mortality; ranks 18th in life expectancy of males, and its death-rate among middle-aged males is higher than anywhere in Western Europe. Really, little Sweden ought to send over teams of tactful Peace Corps volunteers to show us what to do, because we are a backward country in health though we have the best physicians in the world.

This anomaly can't last. It's preposterous. We give it five more years; less, maybe.

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Mr. Nixon's Waffles

The President has not let us down; too little was expected of him to say that. It can be said, however, that he has not picked us up. And that is being said by an astonishingly large number of political observers, not all of them Democrats. Until this summer, fairness demanded forbearance. No new Administration springs full armed out of an Inauguration. But nine-and-a-half months later, we still wait for something to turn up, and we begin to ask whether that is what Mr. Nixon is doing too. He delays when he should be decisive; he stands firm when he should equivocate; he equivocates when he ought to stand firm; he commits himself only to reverse himself, or when he ought not to commit himself at all. His first task in the first six months, was to make peace, beginning in Vietnam, then at home. He has not done it. He performs as a campaigner; problems are studied, "options" deliberated, the rest is promissory notes. About the only item of merit and importance he has put forward is a family income assistance plan, which is buried deep in committee somewhere in the Congress. By this date in 1961, the Kennedy Administration could be credited with the enactment of some 25 major pieces of legislation.

What Senator Hugh Scott calls the "lethargy" of Congress does not explain the poor legislative score so far. What's wrong goes deeper than the weakness of top Democratic congressional leadership, deeper than the natural reluctance of Democrats to make a Republican President look good, and beyond the miscalculation of a Haynsworth nomination. Lyndon Johnson suffered a credibility gap; Mr. Nixon's weakness is a growing fear that the President does not know what to do. Not knowing, not being sure, he is silent; or he reverses, amends, modifies today what he or his aides said or did yesterday. Increasingly, he behaves like a man who wanted very much to become President, but who, now that he's safely on the job for four years, gives his mind to how he might stay an additional four years. Nixon's appointments, with no notable exceptions, have turned out disappointments. Hardly one has made any impression on the public. One is hard put even to recall their names. The President's close personal adviser on foreign policy, Professor Kissinger, is an expert on European affairs; his time is entirely taken up with Vietnam. That is understandable, but whatever advice Kissinger has furnished that differs from what

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Walt Rostow was telling Mr. Johnson about Vietnam prior to March 1968, seems not to have significantly influenced our course, which parallels LBJ's. Mr. Nixon is reported as having assured confidants that we must stay the course, vindicate the principle of self-determination, and that he is not going to be the first President to lose a war. If such accounts are true, Mr. Nixon fought and narrowly won the 1968 election by fraud, for he came to the White House by encouraging voters to believe he had a way out, and that it was not military. Now the people are mistreated to such spectacles as the Republican leader in the Senate saying that if they will only keep quiet "for about 60 days the President may have something to show"; on the same day the Vice President tells *his* television audience, "I can't point to anything specific, I can only say the President is moving in all ways possible to reach an amicable solution to this terrible conflict"; and the White House Press Secretary adds the unilluminating comment that there may or may not be private talks going on in Paris with the North Vietnamese and Vietcong, but that Mr. Nixon "has been discussing Vietnam very thoroughly in Key Biscayne."

Is it only the preoccupation with Vietnam, little as that has produced, which accounts for the bumbling performance elsewhere? After the West German polls closed, Mr. Nixon sent off a congratulatory cable, but to the wrong man, to Mr. Kiesinger, not Mr. Brandt. Europe might as well not be on the map. There has been no US ambassador to Sweden since January. Latin America likewise seems a remote concern. The Organization of American States has had to postpone its October 20 meeting (one the US agreed to in June) until November, because the October date seems to have slipped Mr. Nixon's mind. The President let it be announced that on October 31 he would unveil a new US policy on Latin America, which of course made nonsense of an OAS meeting on October 20. If the Administration has a German policy (how can it, when it didn't know who won?) it has not been mentioned. Marks float, the franc falls, who cares? The retirement of General de Gaulle may have been the single most significant political event in Western Europe this year, opening up possibilities for a new role for NATO, British entry into the Common Market, new approaches to the East, a more effective way to aid poor nations. Other than waiting to inspect de Gaulle's successor, Monsieur Pompidou, when he comes to Washington, Mr. Nixon has little evident interest in such matters.

Negotiations with the Russians on arms limitations are said to be imminent, and were said to be imminent six months ago. Agreeing with the Soviets to prohibit the placing of nuclear weapons on the ocean floor is a very tiny step for mankind; more than a hundred analysts at the White House, the State Department, the Pentagon and the CIA are busy with more urgent aspects of arms control. But if the Russians were to ask for immediate talks, the US would have no comprehensive proposal to lay on the table. Repeated suggestions for a moratorium on testing the new super-weapon, MIRV, are met with silence from the White House, though they have support in Congress among both Republicans and Democrats. "We are considering the possibility of a moratorium on tests, as part of an arms control agreement," the President told a news conference on June 18. At the end of July, the proposed MIRV test moratorium was still "under the most serious study." Since then, virtually nothing.

Yet this is a matter of great urgency. The original decision to develop and deploy MIRV was based on error. These multiple missiles were meant to overcome a heavy missile defense the Soviet Union was believed to be erecting. But that Soviet defense, only partially built, was against bombers, not missiles. MIRV turns out to be a dangerously destabilizing innovation. Both nations are working on MIRVs; neither has finished testing them. If the US were to halt tests, the Russians would be under pressure to follow suit. If they did, neither side would proceed to deploy the weapon. If the Russians did not cease testing, the US could always resume its testing. (Neither has the capability of testing in secret.) A moratorium is clearly worth a try. But moratorium is not in good repute at the White House; the MIRV problem drifts on toward the waterfall of out-of-control.

Things aren't any better on the domestic front. In September, unemployment made its biggest leap in nine years: up by 14 percent. When the news was first announced, the Secretary of Treasury seemed to welcome it; but within 24 hours Treasury spokesmen said it was not welcome. Given an assumption that what we need to cure inflation is a recession – the rate of real economic growth has been chopped in half – the Administration may be pleased by the jump in unemployment, as evidence that its firm application of the brakes is taking effect. Unfortunately, though unemployment has shot up, prices aren't coming down. The result is a sharp and unmistakable decline of public faith in the health of the economy. It's only poetic justice that some of the biggest complainers, who are steadily losing on the stock market, were happiest about a Nixon Administration last November.

There are urgent social and educational problems, like school desegregation, on which Mr. Nixon's astounding philosophy has suddenly become that people who press for the desegregation the Supreme Court says is the law of the land are "extreme groups." By that definition, the president of Notre Dame and chairman of the Civil Rights Commission, Father Hesburgh, is an extremist, for he called Nixon's brakes on school desegregation "a major retreat." The trail is all twists and turns, here and abroad, going nowhere.

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Blood on Our Hands?

In his letter to the editors (page 30), Senator Ribicoff takes note of the grave political and moral problems posed for this country by Vietnamese who may become targets of Communist vengeance when American military protection is removed. President Nixon elevated that concern to the status of official policy in his Vietnam speech of May 14. "When we assumed the burden of helping defend South Vietnam, millions of South Vietnamese men, women and children placed their trust in us," he said. "To abandon them now would risk a massacre that would shock and dismay everyone in the world who values human life." One can protest that the obligation is one we never should have assumed, never intended to assume, never were asked to assume. The dilemma is not less agonizing for that.

When a top State Department official was asked by this journal several years ago about "contingency plans" for the rescue of Vietnamese whose identification with the US might put them in peril, he waved away the question; it was not only premature, but unthinkable. It is not unthinkable now, and it is interesting that it is the proponents of US withdrawal who are talking most about it, not those who are the noisiest champions of America's "commitment" to the safety of anti-Communist Vietnamese.

The Green Beret and countless other "incidents," reported and unreported, indicate that "our side" has not foresworn coldblooded murder as a weapon of war. But there is also considerable evidence of Communist use of terror, much of it summed up in a background paper prepared at the State Department for the American negotiating team in Paris. The paper quotes Bernard Fall's finding that in consolidating power in 1946, Hanoi "executed hundreds of Vietnamese nationalists." In the North's land reform campaign which ended in 1956, tens of thousands of villagers were eliminated; some estimates run into the low hundreds of thousands. There was a sharp reaction in the North to that purge; it was later criticized by Ho Chi Minh; but it happened. Since the late fifties, assassination has taken a relentless toll in the South. For 1968 the State Department provides these figures, and categories: 5,361 murdered, 8,556 kidnapped, 11,837 wounded. Through September 24, 1969: 5,193 assassinated, 5,558 kidnapped, 13,263 wounded. Given the inflated character of most official statements about Vietnam, these figures need not be accepted at full value. Nonetheless, there is the specific instance of what happened at Hue. During the month-long occupation of this city in the Tet offensive last year, Communist cadres – some with lists of names and addresses – cut down large numbers of civilians, including government functionaries, their families, and some orphans. The bodies of 2,000 Hue residents have been found; 1,000 are missing. In a withdrawal, Washington would probably undertake to find haven for the top Saigon people, a small number, and the ones most able to fend for themselves. Some Vietnamese with resources are now posting money or a son abroad in preparation for departure to the various colonies of overseas Vietnamese. But the President posited a general obligation to people who "placed their trust in us." He has not specified how he intends to discharge this obligation, any more than he has specified how he intends to get peace while continuing to support the victory-minded Thieu-Ky regime, which only last week said again that the South Vietnamese "have gone as far as we should go in opening the door to peace." When the war ends, it may not be possible to do what Senator Ribicoff suggests, "establish and support a South Vietnam refugee program." The chances are that the US will, then, have little if any leverage in South Vietnam. The Administration, however, could do what Senator Ribicoff also proposes, start planning now to give sanctuary to all Vietnamese who wish to come here, as was done with Cuban refugees fleeing from Castro. There have been over 250,000 Cubans; there might be fewer, or more, South Vietnamese. Probably fewer, because the Vietnamese traditionally prefer sticking close to home. The point is that whatever the numbers and whatever the difficulties, this country has a responsibility in the matter, which ought to take the place of the completely unreal obligation to see the war through with Nguyen Van Thieu.

Coup in Bolivia

We commented last May that General Ovando "could take over the [Bolivian] government in a moment, if he chose" ("Uneasy Calm in Bolivia," May 17, 1969). On September 26, he chose. It was the 185th military coup in that country's 144-year history.

There are two dimensions of this otherwise routine event which deserve attention. After the initial hours of uncertainty that followed the accidental death of President Barrientos, when General Ovando did not take over the government, it was widely assumed in this country that he refrained from doing so because he knew he would win the presidency legitimately in 1970. But if this was true in April, why not more so now, with the election six months closer? And second, when the person of the next Bolivian president has been known for so long, how can his program have come as a surprise?

The question of timing arises from our American assumption that a military coup has its *raison d'etre* in the fact or the expectation of losing an election. Be-

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cause of this, our news media have given considerable weight to the recently announced candidacy of La Paz Mayor Armando Escobar as a factor precipitating the coup. The explanation lacks conviction. The most that could have been expected of the Escobar candidacy was enough show of opposition to make an Ovando victory respectable; even in the event of some cosmic upset that gave Escobar a majority next spring, Ovando could still have staged his coup. It would have been standard procedure if Ovando had charged interim president Siles with conspiracy to loot the treasury or subvert the constitution. Even if no one really believed the charges, they would have provided the new government with a cloak of respectability to protect other governments from embarrassment in associating with it. But Ovando seems not to care for the amenities. It is this which is so puzzling about his take-over.

Puzzling to us, for it is better in our eyes to become president through the electoral process; it is better in the eyes of ex-president Siles, and probably of many of the educated citizens of La Paz, too. But not better in the eyes of the rural poor who are Ovando's principal constituency. They are impatient with citified ways, with books and ballots, with courts and constitutions. They understand action. If Barrientos is dead, and Ovando is to succeed him, let him do it.

The second point is of similar import. Ovando has been prominent in public life for a decade or more and has served briefly as president or co-president on two previous occasions. In all this time, he has never been known as a leftist. Now, immediately upon coming to power, he has announced the establishment of a "revolutionary, leftist nationalist" regime. Had some virus, left behind in the wreckage of Che Guevara's quest, found its way into his bloodstream?

So far as it has been revealed to date, Ovando's program is revolutionary only in the sense that it proposes to continue the revolution that began in 1952; it is leftist in that it depends upon the support of the poor, and that it has no predisposition toward private capitalism – but this is Bolivian orthodoxy, not radicalism. All that is new is his apparent readiness to take over the Gulf Oil properties, and this is a reflection of his nationalism. As with the timing of the take-over, so with the substance of the program, what is noteworthy is the lack of any effort to pretty it up for the US. Bolivia has long been heavily dependent upon US financial assistance. The example of Peru seems to have convinced Ovando that it is now possible to kick Washington without jeopardizing that flow of aid.

It may well be the best policy to give aid and recognition in Latin America on the basis of criteria quite independent of constitutional legitimacy, diplomatic cordiality, and respect for US investors. Past attempts to use the AID program to influence the internal affairs of other nations in our favor have not in general been highly successful. Yet it is hard to see how the US could gracefully continue a bilateral assistance program without giving some consideration to the character of the recipient governments. A program relying on multilateral agencies to transmit assistance could, however, take Washington off that hook. What is unfortunate in the present situation is that it results, not from a policy, but from a policy vacuum. For almost nine months, the US has operated on an ad hoc basis of avoiding confrontation in Latin America, while military leaders have grown increasingly confident that they could do their thing with impunity. Patterns are being established, relationships cemented, which will not necessarily yield readily to a new Nixon Latin American policy, when and if it comes.

COMING: Harry Kalven, Jr. examines the oddities of the conspiracy trail in Chicago

Critique of the FTC

We thought it odd, back in May, that the President should entrust a study of the Federal Trade Commission to the American Bar Association and, in particular, to a special commission chosen and headed by Miles W. Kirkpatrick, chairman of the ABA's Antitrust Law Section. The study group says in its recently published report that several of the nine practising lawyers appointed to it, along with two economists and five law professors, "represented clients with respect to matters pending before the FTC." One of the members, Professor Richard A. Posner of the University of Chicago Law School, says in an appended statement that his colleagues refused to bring into useful question "the fundamental premises of the FTC" and produced nothing more than "homilies" and "proposals that amount to tinkering." But Professor Posner is a free-market fundamentalist who doubts that there is any need whatever "for a government agency charged with protecting consumers from deception or ignorance." The report that he scorns turns out to be a constructive document, untainted so far as we can tell by the acknowledged interest of some of its authors.

It suffers from the fact, also acknowledged, that there really is very little new to add to the long and largely futile record of criticism of the FTC. The agen-

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cy has been under critical attack almost since it was founded in 1914, first to supplement judicial enforcement with administrative enforcement of the antitrust laws and later, through gradual expansion of its functions, to police the consumer market. The ABA commission quotes, as it it were current, the first Hoover Commission's adverse report on FTC procedures in 1949 and cites with approval the savage indictment issued last year by a group of law students sponsored by Ralph Nader. All of the familiar faults – addiction to petty issues, divisive internal feuds and consequent lack of firm direction and clear priorities – are catalogued anew in this latest study. The positive recommendations – principally that the FTC address itself far more vigorously than it has to localized consumer fraud, step up direct enforcement and rely less upon negotiated "voluntary" compliance, and clarify its presently vague rules governing private, *ex parte* dealings between the agency and suspected offenders – have been made before and ignored before. If they are ignored again, the report suggests, the FTC should be abolished and its work should be assigned to other, possibly new agencies.

Whether the report and its recommendations will be ignored depends mainly upon Caspar W. Weinberger, the San Francisco lawyer who has just been nominated to be a member and the chairman of the FTC. He has been Governor Reagan's Director of Finance and, although not previously known as a Reagan Republican, he has executed the Reagan Administration's restrictive fiscal policies with seeming enthusiasm. He said when he was nominated to the FTC that he had not read the ABA report but would do so before he takes over at FTC, if confirmed by the Senate, next January 1. That is rather long to wait, but then the FTC has been awaiting real reform for a long, long time.

All Clear

Attention was drawn in these columns ("Clarification, Please" October 4) to an incident in the Eighth Circuit Court in St. Louis on September 10, when a young Justice Department lawyer, Gary Greenberg, was asked by the judges to explain how the government could seek to implement desegregation of Arkansas schools, while simultaneously seeking and winning delays in Mississippi. Greenberg answered that he could not explain, or justify the inconsistency. Sixty-five civil rights division lawyers in the Justice Department shared Greenberg's view; in August, they had protested the Mississippi slowdown to Attorney General Mitchell. Justice clarified matters on October 1; it forced Gary Greenberg to resign.

Faster! Faster!

The Anglo-French entry in the supersonic sweepstakes, the spindly-legged Concorde, flew past the speed of sound in the skies over Toulouse earlier this month. The TU-144, which the Soviet Union is developing, reportedly broke the sound barrier in June. Both are supposed to be in commercial service before long, perhaps by 1973. Instead of being gracious about it, President Nixon is determined to catch up, committing another $662 million of the taxpayer's money to the project that his predecessors started. The supersonic boondoggle is still riding high.

Just why a nation which has put a man on the moon should be so preoccupied with asserting leadership in the limited SST market has never been adequately explained, though it is said to have something to do with "prestige." According to the projections of one critic, no more than one out of every 20 Americans is likely ever to fly the SST which Boeing is building, but all are being forced to finance it. It would make as much, indeed more, sense to dip into the federal treasury to help the US auto industry best the Rolls-Royce. The Rolls, after all, is a vehicle worth emulating.

The American SST program is expected to require at least $1.3 billion in public funds before any SSTs can be sold for private profit. The Kennedy and Johnson Administrations presided first over the spending of some $300 million, primarily for a government-sponsored design competition won by Boeing and General Electric, which will make the engines. Boeing triumphed over Lockheed in the contest to build the superliner itself, largely because of the movable-wing design that the company from Seattle submitted. That has now proved impractical and Boeing has gone back to a fixed-wing design, but it still has the contract, fueled by another $323 million that Congress generously appropriated before Nixon took office. Funds were withheld last year, however, and the program was down to its last $75 million or so when the President and a covey of SST boosters met the press in the Roosevelt Room at the White House last month.

He could have shelved the project. Even in Seattle during the campaign last fall, Nixon had waffled. "I like the idea of moving vigorously on the SST," he assured the voters in Boeing country. "I *want* America to be first." But not, he emphasized, until he could master the federal budget and "restore some measure of fiscal responsibility" would he be able to make up his mind about the slender titanium superjet.

The campaign caveat seems to have been tossed to the wind. Despite what he called "very spirited debate" within his Administration, the President said he had decided to go ahead with construction of two needle-nosed prototypes. Secretary of Transportation John A. Volpe has filled in the details: Congress will be

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asked to come up with $96 million now and the rest of the $662 million over the next four fiscal years. No one bothers to square all this with the costs of the war and inflation, or with Nixon's widely ballyhooed drive to cut back government spending.

Mr. Nixon also seems to have ignored the advice of the 11-member government advisory committee that he appointed in February to help him make up his mind. Most of its members, from agencies and departments through the government, had misgivings about the program. Some voiced concern over the SST's sonic boom – which is expected to be worse than ever with the new and heavier Boeing design. Conventional wisdom among SST backers has held that sales of the 1800-mile-an-hour jetliner to foreign buyers would enhance the US balance of payments position. The Department of Transportation and especially its Federal Aviation Administration has single-mindedly pushed that claim for years. But Treasury Department spokesmen warned that the SST could *add* to the nation's balance of payments deficit.

The highly respected Institute for Defense Analyses, the FAA's own market consultant, concluded several years ago that the SST could contribute to the payments deficit by promoting more US passenger spending on air tickets and travel abroad than is realized through sales of the SST itself. After suppressing the report for months, the FAA angrily sputtered that "the only meaningful measure of our balance of payments position" is the money involved in peddling the planes. It had told IDA otherwise. In hiring the Institute, the FAA instructed the consultants to consider the balance of payments impact not only of SST sales, but also of SST "air travel and related expenses." IDA did just that, charting, among other things, the payments surplus from US aircraft sales over a 15-year period, 1950 to 1965, and measuring it against spending on tickets and travel abroad each year. The chart showed bad news – a net deficit for the balance of payments – every time. In 1964 alone, the consultants found, US aircraft sales resulted in a payments surplus of about $140 million, but air travellers' ticket purchases and ground expenditures resulted in a deficit of more than $1 billion.

Most of the SST's shock wave will pass harmlessly over the oceans . . . (news item)

Under Secretary of Transportation James M. Beggs, who served as chairman of Nixon's SST advisory committee, candidly concedes that it cannot be said to have recommended a go-ahead. "A majority of the committee," he acknowledges, "had some reservations . . . on one point or another." Among these, he said, was the stand of the Treasury Department which "took the IDA viewpoint."

Evidently the President chose to rely instead on the economic expertise of SST enthusiasts and advisers such as Secretary of Transportation Volpe who assured newsmen that "our balance of payments picture would definitely go down" if the program were put off much longer. Precisely whom the President consulted on Capitol Hill is not clear, but Sen. Henry M. Jackson (D, Wash.), whose home state is also Boeing's, was standing by happily when Nixon made his announcement at the White House.

What the SST has to offer for all this is, quite simply, speed. Passengers will find it more expensive and less luxurious than the roomy "jumbo jets" Boeing is building. It is also, officials concede, a "high-risk" investment that private capital wouldn't touch at this point. IDA concluded that "the US international supersonic travel market should be surrendered to the Concorde," especially with sonic boom restrictions limiting sales. Yet the government remains insistent on lending the US aviation industry a helping hand, still contending that the taxpayers will be repaid handsomely.

Secretary Volpe says the government expects to recover the approximately $1 billion to be spent on prototype construction through royalties from Boeing and GE on the sale of each production-model SST. In a recent letter to a member of Congress, Under Secretary Beggs went so far as to call the royalty arrangements "very favorable" for the taxpayers. Very favorable? A government advisory committee under President Johnson warned of the loopholes, but this advice, too, was disregarded. Under the convoluted provisions of its contract with Boeing, the government will get the $1 billion back – without interest – only if 300 first-

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generation SSTs (superliners made of titanium with a top cruising speed of 2050 miles an hour) are sold between 1978, when the first delivery is expected, and 1999. Meanwhile Boeing may press for development of a faster, second-generation SST that would be free of royalty payments. Even now the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is spending millions of dollars a year to help pioneer the technology.

The Nixon Administration does seem to have gone farther than its predecessor in its apparent determination to keep the SST from flying supersonically over land, including, Beggs says, even sparsely inhabited areas. Small wonder. According to a Federal Aviation Administration spokesman, the sonic boom from the SST's bursting through the sound barrier after takeoff is expected to be between 3.5 and 4 pounds per square foot. Put another way, a "superbang."

George Lardner

The Camel Driver Days Are Over

Picking Up The Pieces in Pakistan

Before his flight Francis Gary Powers, 30, of Jenkins, Kentucky, killed time in the noncommissioned officers club at the secret US Air Force electronics station in Peshawar. Then, in the early morning hours of May 1, 1960, he left the NCO club for a nearby Pakistani airfield, scrambled into a sleek, dark U-2 awaiting him, and took off for Russia. [News reports]

Peshawar, Pakistan

Peshawar, in its modest way, represents the alpha and omega of US foreign policy in the 1960s – a neat chart of our government's growth during this bumpy age. America kicked off the decade with brash adolescent lying when it denied the disastrous Powers spy flight over Russia. Now, the Air Force station where Powers had his pre-mission coffee is being dismantled, and the decade ends with uncertainty as to the future US role.

Mr. Nixon's first major problem here is to decide whether to meet the insistent demands of Pakistan's generals for American guns. When Powers took off from Peshawar, Pakistan was a working model of the John Foster Dulles brand of diplomacy. No worry then about getting American arms. A country within shooting distance of both Russia and China, Pakistan had been lured and bound in the 1950s to the Dulles chain of worldwide alliances to contain communism. The shaky underdeveloped country signed up for SEATO and CENTO. In return for Pakistan's coupons of allegiance, the US poured in money and arms, and helped the Moslem nation build a formidable US-style army.

But Pakistani-American affections soon began to cool. The U-2 incident and Russian growls about the US use of Peshawar reminded Pakistan that all its eggs lay in a faraway American basket. Then the US armed India, a decision prompted by the 1962 Chinese-Indian border clashes. US foreign policy, clearly was concerned more with sealing off communism than cementing friendships with American allies. If containment required that America arm Pakistan's archenemy, well, too bad.

With the brief 1965 Indian-Pakistani war over Kashmir, Lyndon Johnson awoke to find two of his Asian friends fighting bitterly – using huge gifts of American guns to kill each other. Johnson angrily cut off arms shipments to India and Pakistan, and joined with Russia to press for peace in Kashmir. When the Kashmir fight ended, US policy in South Asia was in a shambles. India and Pakistan were both furious. Pakistan was particularly enraged by the American arms embargo, for the Moslem military regime depended almost entirely upon US arms supplies, while India had several dozen weapons factories and received arms from Russia as well.

Pakistani officials now insist it was America's inconsistency that forced them into the waiting embrace of Russia and China. China came leaping to Pakistan's aid during the war with gifts of MIGs and tanks. The Pakistanis were more impressed by this timely anti-Indian gesture than by all the American aid that had preceded it. Then, fearful lest China gain too firm a foothold in Pakistan, Russia stepped up economic aid and last year started arms shipments to Pakistan.

Pakistan began to pursue a new triangular foreign policy. Its purpose was to keep Russia, China and America at an equally friendly but arms-length distance. One of Pakistan's first moves under this policy was to kick the US out of the Peshawar electronics station, which had been used for 10 years to spy on Russia and China. Partly in retaliation for the Kashmir arms embargo, Pakistan gave the US a year's notice to vacate before the Air Force lease expired last July. The US haggled to extend the lease on the spy station, a suburbia-like cantonment on Peshawar's outskirts which was once home for 2500 Air Force technicians and dependents. But when Pakistan stood on its get-out order, some Americans passed the word that, nevermind, US spy satellites made the Peshawar station obsolete anyway. Yet the US Air Force technicians, who now have had a year to vacate, are very slow in leaving. Some reports say American specialists, contrary to announced US policy, are training Pakistanis to conduct some of the less sophisticated electronic eavesdropping.

Where does the US go from here? The Pentagon wants to march doubletime into the past and resume

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arms shipments to Pakistan and India. This idea, unfortunately, also has support among State Department officials. The US continued after the arms embargo to sell Pakistan spare parts and "nonlethal" weapons – about $62 million worth since January, 1966. But an under-the-table scheme to supply Pakistan with lethal American arms hasn't worked. The arms race ostensibly ended when President Johnson dissolved the military assistance program to Pakistan. Washington and Rawalpindi, however, devised a neat strategy that would get arms to Pakistan without inflaming Indian and American public opinion. The plan called for Pakistan to buy American weapons – especially tanks – from a third country, such as Italy, Iran or Turkey. Once the deal was worked out by Pakistan, America would be brought in to okay the sale. But try as they might, the Pakistanis failed to set up a third country arms deal – largely because India squashed the moves with diplomatic pressure. Meanwhile, the US, like a pretended virgin, remained primly outside the affair.

The US Embassy in Rawalpindi has urged Washington repeatedly to resume direct arms sales to Pakistan and India. They argue that Pakistan's military regime will continue to buy arms somewhere, so why not America? Cheaper American Phantom jets could be substituted for the high-priced French Mirages that Pakistan intends to purchase, and the savings could be pumped into development projects. A Pentagon contention is that more American arms in Pakistani hands would lead to more American influence over Pakistan actions. With recent additions of Sino-Soviet arms, Pakistan's army is down to 80 percent American-equipped; and Pentagon officials look on nervously as each year more American weapons are replaced by Russian and Chinese ones.

Economic good sense? Realistic military strategy? Resuming arms sales, any way you cut it, still strips down to the old Dulles technique of trying to buy influence with American guns. In Pakistan's case, passing out more American weapons would be like putting a dirty bandage on a serious wound – perhaps immediate relief, but gangrenous infection later. The US emphasis on quick relief being what it is, though, no one here is betting Mr. Nixon won't resume arms sales.

Instant results has been the name of the game in Pakistan. While hastily trying to spur the Moslem country's development, the US government has helped American corporations get a potentially choking hand on Pakistan's future economy. American giants like Esso, Intercontinental Hotel and Parke-Davis have been given millions of dollars by the US to open profitable businesses in Pakistan.

The windfall works this way: the US has collected a bankfull of Pakistani rupees as partial payment for millions of tons of wheat shipped under Public Law 480 to Pakistan during its lean years. Some of the money is set aside in a fund called Cooley loans, named for the crusty North Carolina congressman who sponsored the scheme. These rupees are loaned out to American corporations, supposedly to help speed Pakistan's growth. For example, Pakistan needs fertilizer badly. Esso is given $8 million by the US government to open a fertilizer factory in partnership with a Pakistani firm. When the fertilizer plant turns a profit, Esso repays the government loan. Result: Esso hasn't had to spend its capital; there's no balance of payments drain on the US economy as a result of the investment; and Pakistan has a new fertilizer factory, thanks to our technology.

Which is fine, except that the American grip on foreign economies probably will be the single most explosive issue in the coming decade. And AID has made some perhaps questionable choices when it spread out the money to the fat cats of American business. An American ice cream company, for instance, received $126 thousand from AID to open a Pakistan branch with a Pakistani partner. Pan-Am's Intercontinental Hotel Corporation has received millions of dollars from the US to open hotels in Pakistan and India. AID's rationale is that without US help the underdeveloped countries aren't able to build the luxury hotels necessary to attract tourists and much-needed foreign exchange. Intercontinental's Indian partner, however, reportedly plans to build his own luxury hotel in New York or Ceylon – without help.

The Cooley development loans aren't the only thing awry in Public Law 480, which was enacted 15 years ago. The PL-480 Food for Peace program originally was designed to send surplus American foodgrains to famine-ridden countries. But the program also serves as a convenient conduit for American tobacco. Thousands of tons of tobacco have been shipped to Pakistan and India. Including tobacco in an AID food program is questionable in itself. Now that the US contends cigarettes are a health hazard, it seems doubly indiscreet.

Pakistani leaders want to quit the useless SEATO and CENTO alliances, but fear that to do so would stir American wrath. Russia recently called for an Asian collective security arrangement that would join India, Pakistan, Afghanistan and several other countries. Designed partly to counter Chinese influence, the idea is nothing new; the US halfheartedly suggested it years ago but the Indo-Pakistani hostility seemed impossible to overcome. For all the complexities that must be slowly mastered, close cooperation between the US and Russia in support of a purely Asian alliance would be a big step into the future.

No one knows yet which direction Mr. Nixon intends to travel. His Pakistan policy, as the saying goes, is currently under review. "Our present policy sounds lousy and is lousy," says an American official. "But we can't see anything better."

Zalin B. Grant

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The Nixon Watch

White House Who's Who

by John Osborne

Nine months after he took office, President Nixon is still fiddling with the staff system at the White House. His senior assistants say that he is not entirely happy with either it or them and add, in a tone of praise rather than complaint, that he probably never will be. They say that it is a mistake to suppose, as I did when I began this inquiry, that the Nixon staff, domestic and foreign, would have settled by now into functional patterns that suit the President and that may be expected to prevail at least through his present term. Behind the show of bland calm and order that Mr. Nixon has imposed upon himself and upon his White House establishment, his assistants acknowledge when they make a virtue of the continuing flux that they are serving a restless, rather uncertain and chronically dissatisfied man. Some of them also acknowledge that, if the system as it has evolved to date is judged by some of the results, the President ought to be even more dissatisfied than he is said to be.

The "staff system" dealt with here consists of some 50 Presidential appointees and about 100 others who assist the appointees. It is by far the largest and most elaborate personal staff ever assembled by a President to serve his immediate needs. At its top and core, closest to the President and in frequent – often daily, sometimes hourly – contact with him are a dozen or so senior assistants, and it is with a key few among them that this report is principally concerned. Any outsider who knew all there is to know – I don't pretend to – about what H. R. (Bob) Haldeman, John D. Ehrlichman and Henry A. Kissinger do and are expected to do for their President would have an understanding of the Nixon Presidency that actually won't be available until the memoirs of this Administration appear.

Haldeman, a full assistant who is best described as the President's chief of staff, and Ehrlichman, the White House Counsel, are the keepers at the Nixon gate. Nobody reaches the President in person or by telephone, no piece of paper gets to his desk without the knowledge and assent of one or both of them. That is true even when the President himself initiates a visit or calls for a paper: he does it through one of them, usually Haldeman, and he frequently asks one or the other or both of them whether he should do it. This applies, in Haldeman's case, even to the flow of paper from Henry Kissinger, the otherwise independent and self-sufficient foreign policy adviser, and from his National Security Council staff. If Haldeman thinks a Kissinger paper or Kissinger view could stand amendment and improvement, he is free to say so either to Nixon or to Kissinger and occasionally does.

This fact is indicative of a change in the Nixon process that has occurred so subtly and gradually since the Inauguration in January that other assistants, including some of the seniors, are hardly aware of it. Mr. Nixon seems to have meant it when he said at the start that he wanted "all of the options . . . all of the alternatives" – with emphasis upon *all* – in every area of policy to reach him undiluted by intermediate selection and judgment. It was an impossible and impractical aim, and the President has recognized that it was by looking to Ehrlichman and Haldeman on the domestic side, and to Kissinger on the foreign side, for preliminary value judgments that in intended effect weed out much that in their opinion would uselessly consume Nixon's time and energy. Ehrlichman is the principal domestic winnower – Haldeman's role is still basically that of the President's chief dispatcher and manager – but both of them are, in their evolving functions, assistants with great and growing power. The sort of men they are, the qualities that presumably lead the President to rely upon them to the extent he does, should tell a good deal about the Nixon Presidency as it is seen from the inside. Here, then, is a foreshortened view of Robert Haldeman and John Ehrlichman as some of their White House associates see and characterize them.

"Pragmatist" is the word applied most often to both of them – to Haldeman, the ex-advertising man and promoter, and to Ehrlichman, the lawyer. The central meaning of the term, not unkindly intended, is that they are more concerned with what will work than with what is right. Haldeman is considered to have the sharper mind, Ehrlichman the broader intellect and the broader range of concerns and interests. Haldeman is valued by other staffers, senior and junior, for what seems to them to be his intimate knowledge and understanding of the President – of what Nixon wants in the way of submitted ideas and of response to his own demands and ideas. His facility in this respect is so esteemed that other assistants, particularly at the secondary level, who in the early months expected direct communication with the President, on paper if not in person, now settle for communication with and from Haldeman on the President's behalf – so long, that is,

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as they are not totally excluded from the Oval Office. Ehrlichman in his widening policy role is the designated evaluator and compromiser of opposing domestic views, the assistant who more than any other serves the purpose originally assigned to and never quite fulfilled by Counsellor (and Cabinet member) Arthur Burns. Burns, it is worth noting, has a stern sense of what is right in his conservative judgment, and my guess is that his refusal to suppress that sense of rightness has had more than a little to do with his unadmitted but obvious relegation to the policy sidelines. Nixon probably will never grant to Ehrlichman, and Ehrlichman would never claim for himself, the status of a "Deputy President" for domestic matters. But it is acknowledged at the White House that his role is "evolving in that direction" and is already closer to it than many of his staff associates either realize or, in a natural desire to maximize their own positions, care to admit even to themselves.

Nobody at the White House is either reticent or in doubt about Henry Kissinger's role. As of now and until further notice, he is the one indispensable man on the Nixon staff. His policy views aside – and here, it should be manifest, we are more concerned with the mechanics than with the substance of the Nixon operation – it seems true to say and it in fact is said at the White House that Nixon literally could not function without Henry Kissinger at his beck. And that, exaggeration or not, raises the only question really worth raising about the Nixon-Kissinger relationship. It is a question that has to do, in a most serious way, with the President's judgment and with Kissinger's judgment. The question is – what happens, to the President and to the Presidential policy process, if Kissinger all of a sudden isn't there any more? Kissinger would say, and for all I know the President also would say, that it is an absurd question, of a piece with what is regarded in their vicinity as a misguided tendency to magnify the Kissinger role beyond all reality and to denigrate Nixon's own capacity to make and execute foreign policy. But the question is not absurd, it is raised very seriously within the White House counsels, and it does not exaggerate Henry Kissinger's present importance.

It arises primarily from the President's insistence that, within his own establishment, he deal only with Kissinger on foreign-policy matters. The Cabinet-level National Security Council serves as a revived and valued forum for group discussion. Kissinger has his own secretariat and associated NSC staff, enlarged and elaborated beyond all previous practice. But Nixon does not want Kissinger to have, and Kissinger does not want to have, any subordinate who comes anywhere near to being an effective deputy to the Assistant for National Security Affairs. Kissinger is the only Presidential appointee on the extensive Kissinger-NSC staff (the only other such appointee, Richard V. Allen, who directed Nixon's foreign policy research during the 1968 campaign, has just resigned after nine months of utter isolation from both Nixon and Kissinger). Kissinger presides over and dominates the inter-departmental "review group" that screens policy communications from State, Defense and CIA to the President. Everything prepared for the President by Kissinger's prolific staff goes to Nixon in Kissinger's name. Occasional attendance at NSC sessions aside, his senior assistants never see the President and never communicate directly with him. Until recently, they enjoyed a minimum of direct access to and communication with Kissinger himself. Here again, the chief cause was not arrogance but the President's preferred way of work and the heavy demands he placed and still places upon Kissinger's time.

Kissinger, brought to recognize the defect, has lately undertaken to have at least two staff meetings each week, with his senior assistants. Some weeks he manages it, some weeks he doesn't. Seven of his assistants, senior and junior, have left his service and some others probably will. In every case, there have been explanations other than disaffection or ideological differences with Kissinger. But his shop has come to be known throughout government as a tough place to work and Henry Kissinger as a hard man to work for and satisfy. That may be to his credit – I think it is. His staff arrangements for better policy thought and planning than he considers he gets from State, and for in-depth "program analysis" of a kind intended to meld in one package all of the factors bearing upon major foreign commitments, promise substantial improvement in the advisory process. But the facts behind the reputation do not fit the picture of a smooth and flawless foreign-policy operation that the White House spokesmen try to purvey.

Discussing Kissinger, his White House operation and his relationship with Nixon without bringing up Secretary of State William P. Rogers and *his* relationships with Nixon and Kissinger would be a breach of journalistic custom. That is a subject for separate and later treatment. Here I shall summarize only what I believe to be Henry Kissinger's view of the matter. He is at least as fed up with the incessant discussion of it as Rogers is. He understands that Rogers, thanks to his friendship of more than 20 years with Richard Nixon, has a relationship with and access to the President that Henry Kissinger doesn't have and probably never will have. He also understands that if he were ever foolish enough to let the undeniable tension between him and Rogers, and between Kissinger's staff and Rogers' State Department, degenerate into a knockdown, cutthroat fight for the President's favor and esteem, William Rogers would almost certainly emerge the winner. Kissinger was not present, and a fair guess is that he did not expect or ask to be present, when Nixon and Rogers spent 90 minutes together on Monday of last

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week, and scheduled another long and private session together on Wednesday, ranging over foreign policy from Vietnam to the Middle East. Rogers has yet to claim or establish effective command over his own department. But nobody who knows him and has any conception of his hold upon Nixon's affection and respect could believe that he is in less than adequate command of the Kissinger-Nixon-Rogers situation.

Are You Listening, D. H. Lawrence?

by Edward Witten

Taos, New Mexico

The tourists still come: elderly couples or prospering families treating the teen-age children to a Western tour. They pause at the magnificent gorge carved by the Rio Grande, examine the Indian pueblo, stroll quietly around the central plaza that is ringed by curio shops, restaurants, gas stations and hotels (New Mexico's main visible industries). The native Spanish majority, and the substantial Indian and Anglo minorities try to carry on as usual. But Taos has become a legend; here a minor artists' and writers' colony once gathered; and the children of that legend now rise up to engulf the natives.

Haight-Ashbury is dead, they tell you; the land echoes with tales of a wonderful new life where the desert climbs to the mountains that reach the sky. Madly, joyously the young stream to Taos, as if the streets were gold. They flock to Taos, as they flocked to California, because they hear that it's the scene. They do not know what they seek, or where to find it. Many have little money, nowhere to stay, no means of transportation but thumbing it. A confused Californian asked me, Where is the commune? He had heard that three thousand hippies lived together in the wilderness. Perhaps, finding only others as bewildered as himself, he spent the night in some lonely hollow.

Taos has no single community, and many visitors only get lost. But tiny communities to suit a range of tastes do ring the town. They glorify drugs, or keep clean; they welcome transients, sharing what they have with whoever wants its, or try to fuse a stable, exclusive group; they pair off so rigidly as to suggest middle class marriage, or make a fetish of sharing their sex. The Taos Community Information Service (funded by a millionaire!) wages a hopeless battle to channel incomers to appropriate destinations, and to establish a sort of local youth solidarity. In an open message to the natives of Taos, it groped toward an ideology: "The future of America is coming to Taos . . . a generation earnestly seeking new values, an honest land on which to nurture tender shoots. . . . The purpose of the hippie in coming is NOT to inflict a culture on Taos. He has rejected his culture, his purpose is to *learn from your culture*, and to be a part of that culture if indeed it reflects the holiness that he sees here. . . . The hippie is dirty, we hear. He has come to be cleansed. Will you show him a clean soul?"

The flower children thrilled to discover the American Indians, who preserve among us values they had thought belonged to Eastern mystics, as once they thrilled to uncover within themselves a world they had sought in external struggles. The exotic design of the pueblos (mimicked in white buildings throughout the Southwest) defiantly shows that the Indian survives. The Taos pueblo, at the base of New Mexico's highest mountains, has the most spectacular architecture and setting of surviving pueblos.

As I wandered about, a middle-aged woman accosted me with the question: "Are you a hippie?" (My hair had just been massacred for a restaurant job.) I asked her if I looked like one, and she said: "If you're a hippie, get off our land." All year, she explained, these bothersome hippies have camped here and pretended they can live like Indians. Her husband, lieutenant-governor of the reservation, pointed out that New Mexico Indians are fighting to block tax proposals in the constitutional convention which could lead to seizure of their land. The Taos pueblo is struggling to reclaim title to its sacred Blue Lake region in the mountains, part of a national forest since FDR entrusted all the land he could reach to the National Park Service. These hippies, he said, meddle with our way of life and destroy all our work.

Relations are scarcely better with the Spanish or Anglos. The newcomers gaily tell of a real estate agent

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who has helped them out. But they seem to exult in their disdain for the natives. In reality, the resolute minority cultures of Indians and Spanish are only convenient metaphors for the new settlers of Taos. The joy riders, whether they find their high time or leave in disgust, can only destroy goodwill; they play Indian, but they will not teach or learn from the Indians. The serious ones belong solely to the immediate group, they want no real interaction with outsiders. "Life is holy," their poster reads, "Celebrate it." They believe that free men, unspoiled by external manipulation, have the strength to purify themselves; they come to Taos so that only the land, whose purity they trust, may control them.

I came to Taos as an afterthought, with little money and no sleeping bag, so I was fairly lucky to be invited to spend the night with The Family. Isis and Ceres demurely refused to describe our destination as we rattled six gloomy miles south from Taos, down a dirt road to the old farm buildings of The Family. As we entered the crowded barracks, one of the guys triumphantly undressed, but nudity seemed a depressingly male trait, so I resigned myself to a rather dull bull session. A girl explained how she had found happiness by being mercilessly honest until she knew exactly who she was. Swiping an old argument from David Reisman, I suggested that this kind of frankness is coercive: it demands that the other party expose himself too (lots of nods and she exclaims, "That's why I do it").

The conversation turned to Family squabbles. The other brothers and sisters resented Gretchen for attaching herself to one guy, so that no one else knew her. One of the youngest girls had suggested that, to get to know each other better, they draw names from a hat until everybody had slept with everybody. A sadder, wiser guy objected that he had "slept with a thousand chicks, and never known a one of them." Someone invited sad-but-wise into her bed for the night. The discussion died, and I dozed at the foot of a huge bed occupied by a tiny girl who, like the other children, had joined The Family with her mother but seemed to belong to no one in particular. An attractive but slightly plump girl entered, stripped, and sat beside me to explain how she had come here when another Family collapsed in Phoenix (a third survives in Des Moines). She was delightfully slow to disappear beneath the covers.

Sad-but-wise, smiling broadly, led yoga early the next morning, to which nearly everyone came nude. The Family imposes strict discipline: strenuous yoga, punctual breakfast, no hard drugs. Some of the brothers say the old tyranny began with rules like these. The Family insists upon them, because it is serious about its long-range plans; only a hardy soul will survive here. Their membership fluctuates, but they do not particularly welcome visitors, and resolve to develop a solid, permanent group. Numbering perhaps two dozen, they overflow their rented farm buildings, which they must abandon in any case when the roads cease to be passable in winter. They hope to build a permanent dwelling somewhere in the mountains.

Only by retreating to a place they make do they believe they can escape a polluted civilization. As they fled the cities, now they flee even Taos. After yoga, one girl said they needed butter and eggs for breakfast. "No trips to town!" someone shouted. "But we have to go into town," she said, "we need breakfast." "If that's your attitude," he replied, "of course we have to go into town." They refuse to take normal jobs in town, Isis explained, "because if we can't do it ourselves, it's not worth doing." How do they subsist? One brother, she says, earns $100 a month from the Community Information Service; this pays the rent of $65 a month ($50 before the owner realized how numerous they were). Sometimes dinner is rice from the garden; sometimes they get money by selling the "community" newspaper in town. She agreed with me that until they raise their own food they are not really independent, and promised that one day they will not go to Taos even for food.

They dream of a new world in the mountains where nothing will divide free men. They believe that when The Family knits itself tightly enough, it will not need to impose decisions – each member will make his own choices, the group will function automatically. (Still, many feel that a handful really run the group.) They believe that human beings, free to guide themselves, will join in rich and easy relationships. But sexual relationships especially are rough among them today, and sensitive individuals are soon hurt.

The Family's new world would implicitly be aesthetic in the fine sense of insisting that every tool (object) is a vital thing (subject). A shoddy and immature aesthetic taste, however, now pervades The Family. They expect someday to unleash man's natural creativity; but now they consider themselves writers, artists, and musicians merely because the mountains and the (truly wonderful) sunsets can entrance them. Isis said she likes Bob Dylan's latest record. "But it's so maudlin," I objected. "That's why I like it," she said, "no more of this against everything business, it's only – *music*." Only music? For most of these people, "only music" means something that lets them dream – something they can place between themselves and physical objects. They forswear drugs, they say, for contemplation (and to safeguard the unity of the group), but "contemplation" is still only a misty-eyed convention. They study mysticism of the East, the Indians, Immanuel Velikovsky; their mysticism, however, shields and dissolves, never transforms. If they really mean

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"artistic" and not "adolescent," they must learn to fortify their involvement with the world, not to cushion it in dreams.

Youth is born the enemy of time. Already one can scarcely find an explanation of how The Family was born. Asked if they suppose a place like Taos has existed before, most of the brothers only shrug, although, since a few of them have apparently led this life for a decade or two, their experience can hardly be unique. They magnify the distance between themselves and all other generations; they doubt that their battles echo any from the past, or that this battle may be merely another phase in their development. They seem to believe they elude the reach of time.

These are children of myths, and someday, if they endure, they will tell of their genesis. Perhaps they will recount how Time's winged chariot drew near, the Phoenix rose to slay him, and together they plunged to a flaming death. From the ashes flowers grew. There is no honest compromise between passing a moment with The Family and settling permanently with them, so I did not linger. Surely, I felt, these flowers will soon perish – too much ugliness, dishonesty, and tension burden their "free" lives. And yet, the graceful, well-formed apes, Koestler speculated in *Darkness at Noon*, must have giggled at the first awkward, clumsy human. I am sure that The Family will splinter long before the legend of Taos dies, and Taos, like nearby ghost towns of the gold rush, declines to a quiet tourist attraction. But I invent myths and do not believe: have I the right to judge? Somewhere America has gone astray, or these children would not be here; America must not vent her contempt upon them. They have not taken an easy road, and I believe Isis when she says she has learned more in eight months here than in all her past life. If, like the Indians, they can live a foreign life among us, they will enrich us, and they may show us the way.

The TV Game

Your Time Is Their Time

by Arthur Alpert

Al Kihn wanted some rocks for a stone wall on his property in Mill Valley, a town about 14 miles from the Golden Gate Bridge. So he climbed into his VW bus, headed into the hills and almost immediately, a shiny green car with two radio antennas on top appeared in his rearview mirror. Kihn made a U-turn as he left Mill Valley. So did the green car. The green car disappeared, to be replaced in the mirror by a blue one. It, too, had antennas. Its driver, one hand on the wheel, spoke into a microphone.

Kihn pulled off the road on a bluff overlooking the ocean. The blue car whizzed past, the green car reappeared and halted not far away. Kihn drove to town hall to report the incident and the license numbers of both cars to police. Then he drove home. The cars that had tailed him were waiting, parked down the road.

Al Kihn is a television news cameraman by trade. He worked for KRON-TV, a San Francisco VHF station owned by the San Francisco *Chronicle* for eight years. The job seemed glamourous and exciting, at first, then meaningless. Kihn tried to figure out why.

The answers he came up with led Kihn to write to the Federal Communications Commission September 8, 1968, regarding renewal of KRON-TV's license. All California licenses were to be renewed December 1, unless the FCC or private citizens entered serious objections. While not opposing renewal, Kihn did complain that the station's news and public affairs programs were shaped by and for the corporate interest, not the public's. Others filed in opposition to renewal of the station's license, and it was not renewed December 1. Kihn then wrote to the commission again, December 22, offering more evidence.

The tailing incident occurred three months later, March 27, 1969. Kihn learned from neighbors, however, that strange cars had been parked near his house for some weeks. He told that much to Bruce B. Brugmann, editor and publisher of a muckraking weekly,

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Arthur Alpert *has had seven years experience as a television producer and writer in news and public affairs at local stations and the networks.*

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the *San Francisco Bay Guardian*. Brugmann traced the automobiles to a rental agency and back to a firm of private investigators in San Francisco, Neilson & Green. He found a Mill Valley policeman who was "aware" of an investigation in the area of Kihn's house for about six months. Brugmann also learned that the investigators had often been employed by Cooper, White & Cooper, San Francisco attorneys who represent the *Chronicle*. The *Chronicle* and *The Examiner*, which share certain business functions, are San Francisco's only daily newspapers. The *Chronicle* owns KRON-TV (one of four local VHF television stations in S.F.-Oakland) and radio station KRON-FM. And through five cable television subsidiaries, the *Chronicle* owns or shares the ownership of franchises or existing cable systems in San Francisco itself, South San Francisco, San Mateo County and Concord County in the East Bay.

Kihn heard from his former wife, who said she too was approached in mid-March – by a man identifying himself as a representative of the Aetna Surety Company. She said she was asked if Kihn could be bought, or taken in, or if he belonged to any group advocating "the overthrow of the establishment."

Kihn's present wife's former husband reported that he also was visited, by a Mr. Tom Winckleman from Aetna. Was Kihn a hippie? Did he use marijuana? Had he ever been arrested? What were his politics?

Brugmann reported all this. He asked the *Chronicle*, the station and the law firm for comment. They never returned his calls. Then, on March 20, 1969, the FCC voted, 3 to 2, to hold hearings on KRON-TV's application before renewing the license. The Commission listed three issues:

► Whether the management used the facilities of KRON-TV to manage the news so as to advance the interests of the parent *Chronicle*;

► Whether the *Chronicle* engaged in monopolistic practices in the San Francisco newspaper field, such practices involving the use of its television license;

► Whether the *Chronicle* wields too much mass media power in the Bay area.

In June, the *Chronicle* acknowledged that it was responsible for the investigation of Kihn. There was no apology.

On learning the FCC would investigate his complaint, Kihn retained a lawyer, Charles Cline Moore, who brought the private investigator story to the commission. An FCC review board thereupon decided to add to its agenda the question of whether the investigations constitute harassment. The *Chronicle* is appealing that ruling to the commission itself. Or, rather – the *Chronicle* hopes – the commission minus Commissioner Nicholas Johnson. For this August, Chronicle Broadcasting asked Johnson to disqualify himself from further participating in the case, on the grounds that he "has received, has failed to disclose in a timely manner, and has responded to, prohibited ex-parte presentations." The reference is to letters from Kihn and Brugmann which may or may not have violated rules forbidding private communications between interested parties and decision makers at the commission once a case becomes a "restricted adjudicatory proceeding."

Chronicle Broadcasting also said Commissioner Johnson should step down because he negatively prejudged their case, as revealed in magazine articles, speeches, official statements (including FCC opinions) and television appearances.

The last refers to Commissioner Johnson's remarks on a Public Broadcast Laboratory program last winter, which I produced and wrote and which was mostly about cable television. It also contained Kihn's story; within it, I inserted a comment from Commissioner Johnson about the way the FCC obtains information. "You know," Mr. Johnson said, "what most people don't realize is that the FCC has not the slightest idea what's going out over the airways. I'm not even sure that we officially subscribe to TV Guide. But I know that if we do, it's not processed in any useful way."

He went on to describe and evaluate the FCC's sample composite log and concluded: ". . . we are very dependent upon complaints and the statements that are filed by private citizens. That's the only way that information would come to our attention." Those are the words which, according to Chronicle Broadcasting, "could only be interpreted as expressing agreement with and approval of Mr. Kihn's charges."

The *Chronicle*, meanwhile, is poised to ask the FCC to postpone the opening of the KRON-TV hearings from December 2, 1969 to some time in 1970.

KRON-TV continues to make money, of course, each day it keeps its license to use the public airwaves. And the passage of time probably weakens the resolve of Kihn's co-workers to corroborate his testimony. Finally, the composition of the FCC has changed since last March, probably to the *Chronicle*'s benefit. Dean Burch, Barry Goldwater's choice for GOP national chairman, has been nominated to replace FCC Chairman Rosel H. Hyde. Robert Wells, a Midwestern broadcaster, will take the seat now occupied by James J. Wadsworth. All are Republicans. Burch and Wells will probably be no more industry-oriented than their predecessors – although Wadsworth's abstention permitted three commissioners to set the KRON-TV case for hearing. The third Republican, also a conservative, is Robert E. Lee. H. Rex Lee, a Democrat who did not participate in the KRON-TV vote, joined the commission earlier this year. His votes do not yet reveal where he stands. Robert Bartley often joins his fellow Democrats, Commissioners Johnson and Kenneth Cox, on the consumer side of the issue. But Cox's term expires

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June 30, 1970, permitting Mr. Nixon to assure the Republicans a 4-3 majority. Unless the President surprises, the *Chronicle*'s license to operate KRON-TV should be a lot safer next July.

Kihn's complaints include two specific charges:

► Station management prohibited the news department from covering the story of the impending "joint operating agreement" between the parent *Chronicle* and the Hearst-owned *Examiner* in September, 1965, until *Chronicle* management made an official announcement of the pact;

► Station management used the personnel and facilities of the KRON-TV news department to flatter community leaders in towns where the *Chronicle*'s cable television subsidiaries sought franchises – specifically, South San Francisco and Vallejo.

Docket #18500 at the FCC contains the *Chronicle*'s responses. First, Chronicle Broadcasting says management did not censor news of the newspaper accord; it "was not privy to the plans of the publisher, did not join in the speculations since it is a basic policy of the station's management not to carry news stories based upon speculation and rumor."

The company denies the cable television allegations.

Now, KRON-TV is a good station as measured by traditional criteria. No less than 11.64 percent of its programming is news, 6.01 percent public affairs. It airs reports originated by NBC News, as well as syndicated and homegrown public service programs. That means one must question renewal of its license on less superficial grounds than public service accomplishments entered in the logs. And that is what Al Kihn set out to do.

In 1960, shortly after graduation from the University of Southern California, he had joined KRON-TV. He crossed and recrossed the city in a station car, pulling out the heavy sound camera at demonstrations, news conferences, publicity setups. He filmed documentaries. He began to keep a diary of events in the newsroom.

His letters to the commission are untidy. He cites instances of what appear to be station misconduct, but which may be variously interpreted and which require corroboration from fellow employees before they can be described as evidence. Here is a sampling from Kihn's second letter to the commission:

► April 11, 13, 1964 . . . The news director criticized news cameramen for shooting sound film on a huge civil disobedience exercise at the Cadillac agency in S.F. "We don't want to give these people any more exposure than we have to."

► Feb. 11, 1965 . . . The news director refused to allow the staff to film Paul Goodman and Mario Savio talking about the Free Speech Movement on the campus of the University of California. He said it was on the orders of the station management.

► May 10, 1966 . . . Somebody suggested to the news director that the department do a man-on-the-street interview to get reaction to the repeal of the Rumford (Fair Housing) Act. The news director said, "The man on the street wouldn't understand what you are talking about."

► August, 1966 . . . a documentary writer was ordered by the station manager to eliminate from his script comments critical of advertising. The station manager said, "Only the cuckoo fouls its own nest."

► June 27, 1961 . . . the writer-producer of Assignment Four, a documentary series, resigned with a memo, which said, in part, "Since the airing of the new FCC director's criticisms of television programming [the reference is to FCC Chairman Newton Minow] and his threat to make license renewals more difficult, I have received several directives to include Senators Engle and Kuchel in the material collected for Assignment Four presentations. Yesterday I was directed to produce a show around a film clip of the inauguration of Oakland's new mayor, John C. Houlihan. . . . Both of these directives seem to be merely applications of discussions we have had in story conferences to the effect that we will need these people as friends when license renewal time rolls around. . . . Assignment Four has been a quality show. . . . It is a show I think management can be proud of and which management should be concerned with improving. For the life of me, I can't understand why the FCC's appeal for better public service should have the quite opposite effect of turning Assignment Four into a weekly political sop."

► Another Assignment Four writer, assigned to do a show on the cultural aspects of San Francisco, to be sponsored by Pacific Gas & Electric, thought the proposed program too bland, hardly more than "picture postcards with music and a Grayline Tour narration." The program director said, "What they want is a cultural travelogue." The writer asked, "Do I understand, then, that we are in a position where a large utility company is telling us not only what our documentary subject matter will be, but what it will include and how it will be done? This compromises not only the particular project we're working on but also the documentary department, the station and broadcasting itself." Program director: "To be very blunt, that's none of your business."

► In 1968 . . . A memo from the news director to the assignment editor said, ". . . please resist the urge to give platform to Peace & Freedom Party and Black Panthers this weekend. . . . Don't give them publicity."

The *Chronicle*'s view is summarized by Harold P. See, president of the station, in his response to Kihn's first letter: "Mr. Kihn's complaints are symptomatic of the era in which we live . . . he feels he should have the right to make newsfilm and documentaries for presentation on television which express his own viewpoint, unhampered by management direction and con-

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trol. . . ." But Kihn nowhere argues that the station must air his unedited point of view. He concedes the licensee must assume final responsibility for program content. But "the decisions described here," he writes, "were not journalistic decisions, they were corporate decisions imposed upon journalism. And, although the public may be unaware of it, the public does pay a price for these corporate games."

If the issue is who shall make news judgments, the answer is quite simple – that is what newsmen are paid to do. Fred Friendly, shortly after his departure from CBS News, told an audience of working newsmen about television administrators: "They may be honest men and men of goodwill, but they cannot tell you, the professional, what is important news, when to deliver it and how to handle it. They have neither the background nor the professional accomplishment to make these decisions. . . ." What Mr. Friendly did not say is that his dictum was more plea than description; management *does* make journalistic decisions, and more so at local stations than at the networks.

The Communications Act of 1934 empowers the FCC to lease slices of a limited and valuable natural resource, the frequency spectrum, which makes television broadcasting possible. Broadcasters must seek renewal of their spectrum allocations every three years. The agency's power to deny license renewal is, in theory, the muscle that permits it to regulate the industry "in the public interest, convenience and necessity." In practice, the FCC rarely denies television license renewals. Instead of compelling stations to prove that they serve the public interest, the FCC renews their licenses unless somebody else proves the contrary. The commission's own staff hasn't the resources. The public rarely intervenes because it doesn't know that it can and the FCC treats the exceptions as interlopers.

Thus, when the United Church of Christ, Aaron Henry and the Rev. Robert L. T. Smith petitioned to deny renewal to WLBT, Jackson, Miss., the FCC ruled they had no standing. The US Court of Appeals reversed that. Then the FCC decided that WLBT, which all but ignored almost 50 percent of the population (the black half), deserved renewal. The court of appeals reversed that, too.

When, atypically, the commission took a Boston channel away from the owners of WHDH and awarded it to a competitor (by a 2-1 vote), the public did get a glimpse of the idea that – as the Court of Appeals said – "the broadcast license is a public trust subject to termination for breach of duty." Several license challenges followed. And so did Senator Pastore, with a bill that is now pending (and has powerful backing) that would make it almost impossible for newcomers to win TV station licenses.

As one would expect, business is good. In 1968, network profits were up $56.4 million, while profits of the networks' owned and operated stations rose 17.4 percent to $122.4 million. The remaining 627 stations reported profits up 24.2 percent to $316 million. Profits before federal income taxes for the entire industry increased 19.3 percent to $495 million. Return on invested capital is much higher than in most industries; for some stations more than 100 percent! Which explains why a VHF allocation is often described as a license to print money.

Wary of direct involvement in programming, the FCC does list "news," "public affairs" and "all other programs, exclusive of entertainment and sports" in its forms for those who seek licenses or their renewal. And the commission does ask how much time broadcasters propose to devote, in what time blocks, what staff and facilities will be employed, the source (network, recorded or local) and how much local or regional coverage is planned. Yet the FCC neither establishes nor enforces any standards. Stations whose logs are totally deficient in programming under those rubrics regularly win licenses and renewals.

Many stations feel safer, however, when they can list public service programs. They are ammunition against the chance of attack by the Justice Department and Jack Gould, as well as the FCC. "Newsmaker" programs – those Sunday interview shows with community leaders – are particularly helpful because they involve invitations and a visit by the guest to the station's studios.

It is tempting to use news and public affairs programs to protect the station's license rather than for journalistic exploration of the community. The industry's economic structure also shapes the corporate interest and, in turn, news and public affairs. Profit is, of course, the goal, but what is more significant is that advertising is the means.

Television's product is the audience, which it delivers to its client, the advertiser, who pays according to the size of the audience as measured by ratings. The program, in this scheme, is the audience-trap. The surest way to get mass appeal is to entertain and avoid giving offense. But that is easier to achieve in a situation comedy or a variety show than in news and public affairs. News is always happening and the production is live. The very news that glues the viewer to the set may put him in an unfriendly state of mind. Management must work hard, therefore, to couch the news in show-business terms. Administratively, stations require the news director to report directly and often to the program director or station manager, whose experience is in advertising sales or (entertainment) programming. The sooner the director learns to censor himself, the more "independent" he becomes. Management decides the size of the staff and availability of equipment, when programs will air, their length, the number of commercial interruptions. Management chooses the anchorman – significantly, he is known as "talent" –

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and the set. Management tries to package features like weather and sports for sale to regular sponsors.

Al Kihn's diary entries seem to suggest that KRON-TV's management opposed various left-wing organizations and views. Perhaps so, but when station management advises on what to cover or ignore, the advice is rarely inspired by political bias. The modern businessman seeks a neutral image for his station. (That the neutrality is spurious is another matter.) He intervenes not to argue politics, which might raise hackles, but to protect news and public affairs against irritating extremists. Television's cause is a good show.

Management has a point. Why do the news if nobody watches? The danger, however, is not unwatched news programs; it is news programs in which the corporate need for popularity so overwhelms journalism as to make the content either useless or positively misleading. When the boss pats the news producer on the back and says, "That show really moved," he means the film was so fascinating to watch that the 30 minutes of news just sped by. So what if nobody learned anything of value!

That thumbnail description is, happily, an incomplete picture of what happens in local television journalism. For it leaves out the role of rational men. Television newsmen try desperately to report the news. Until recently, however, they were hung up on what might be called professionalism. How do you do a good job when the camera crew doesn't have a mobile radio in the car? How do you tell that city council story in 55 seconds? And if you do it in 1:55, is there any time left for the basketball scores? After all, it's only a 15-minute show. With three commerical spots and leadins, call it 11:45.

That is changing. Local television news coverage is expanding rapidly, Many stations find it profitable, too. But given the time and tools, TV newsmen now find that corporate restrictions make it difficult to put news into the "expanded news program" or to shape the documentary toward the concerns of the neighbors. The station executive, as well as the corporation, must conform or succumb to the competition. Both will be judged on the figures in the annual stockholders report.

"I really don't know what I expect you to do with this information," Kihn wrote the Commission. "I hope you will think about it. . . . What I would really like to see, both as a citizen and as an employee of broadcast journalism, is some action by you that would make my job as stimulating and exciting as it ought to be." Should the "action" be transfer of licenses to competing applicants, where they exist? In New York, that may happen to WPIX-TV if a newswriter's charges that the station mislabeled newsfilm and distorted stories to satisfy a "bloodlust" for higher ratings stand up. Under pressure, WPIX promptly discovered that New York City has black people. (Or so its current series of advertisements would indicate.) KRON-TV is adding still more public-service programming. In Boston, WHDH has revamped its news operations while fighting in the federal courts the FCC's decision to take away its licence. New owners will show better logs, heavy on public service. Some – like the applicants in Boston and New York – promise to diversify programs and give the public more access to its own airwaves; the latter is truly revolutionary.

But that kind of change is either superficial or short-term. Fuller logs do not mean better programming in the public interest. More pseudo-journalism is not to be preferred to less. Even the new owners promising real public service must, eventually, fall victim to the requirements of the system; for it *is* the system, not the morality of television's managers, that is at issue.

In New York, these days, people in broadcasting talk sympathetically of the men who run WPIX. "Maybe," goes the refain, "maybe they went a little far . . . but, after all . . ." They are quite right to be sympathetic. If the charges are accurate, WPIX was caught playing the same game everybody else plays.

Mike Dann, senior vice president for programming at CBS and one of the three men most responsible for the entertainment on America's TV screens, recently said: "We have to change the ground rules if television is to get better. Unfortunately, television is for most of the people most of the time. . . ." That is true in news and public affairs, too. Al Kihn's job will become stimulating and broadcast journalism will better serve the public when management, employees and viewers are freed of corporate interest in profit obtained through advertising slanted to mass appeal.

Working within the present system, government could limit the amount of airtime sold to advertisers, require that news and public affairs programs be sustaining and, at the same time, establish a minimum amount of airtime to be devoted to them. It could diversify station ownership to include unions, universities, community groups. Newsmen could build professional organizations strong enough to educate their corporate supervisors.

I don't know whether such reforms are politically feasible. It may be preferable to seek a radical restructuring of the system by adding to it. Pay TV, which gives the viewer the power of his purse, could make it profitable for broadcasters to serve discrete audiences. Cable television has the same potential for its numerous channels. In addition, CATV revenues come – for the present – from viewers' monthly payments and not from advertising. Cable TV could be the basis of a broadcast system whose owners' corporate interests coincide with the public interest. But all such possibilities depend on new ground rules yet to be written.

There is a job worthy of Senator Pastore's talents.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Oh! What a Lovely War
(Paramount)

The Bed Sitting Room
(Lopert)

Two anti-war films, both British, both made from successful theater pieces, both fantastic, both disturbing in unintended ways.

Oh! What a Lovely War, produced on the London stage by Joan Littlewood and then brought to New York, was adapted for the screen by – whom? Nobody is named on the credit sheet. The film is an attempt to render the political chicanery and military blunders and still-incredible slaughter of World War One through the medium of a seaside entertainment. The aim is an ironic, macabre vaudeville. It begins with the heads of European states in 1914 strolling around an airy pavilion, then it glides to a boardwalk and a marching band that leads us to an entertainment pier, and the show is on. There are period songs and newer songs with new words, and there are many interludes of trench warfare. I'm told that the stage original, which I missed, was almost entirely vaudeville; here the two strands will not mix. A sequence in which General Sir Douglas Haig leapfrogs over some officers' backs (as per an old song) might be good surrealist comment in itself, but sandwiched between straight mud-and-blood scenes, it is undigested and indigestible. The most successful mad sequence for me – and it must be looked at out of context – is a front-line church service in which the padre sings the proper words to a hymn while the soldiers bellow other words.

Laurence Olivier supplies a good cartoon of that incredible ass with incredible power, Sir John French. (French was the model for C. S. Forester's little-known, bitter novel *The General.*) Richard Attenborough, who has steadily been improving through the years as an actor, makes his directing debut here, revealing little more than some feeling for camera motion. In one traveling shot down a line of weary soldiers, Attenborough pays homage to a similar shot of Dunkirk evacuees from a film that he was in – Coward's *In Which We Serve.*

But even if the disparate elements blended and we could concentrate on the whole instead of being distracted by the parts, the effect would be more irritating than moving. What is the point of this picture? To tell us that war is horrible? To tell us some of the special horrors of the most ruinous war in Western history? To tell us that we are at the mercy of the ambitions of statesmen and generals? All worth repeating, perhaps, even though familiar, but not with any hint that the victims are in any way superior to the victimizers; the victims are only less lucky. This is one more safe, flattering little anti-war film, a smug little exercise in mordant righteousness, after which we can all go on living our lives exactly as they were, in the same national states. One reason that, for example, *Dr. Strangelove* is better than this film is that it will not let the audience feel superior to what it is seeing.

Plenty of voices have been eager to tell us that the trouble with Richard Lester's new film is that it is like *How I Won the War.* I disagree. The trouble with *The Bed Sitting Room* is that it is different from the earlier picture.

The new film was made from a play by Spike Milligan and John Antrobus that had a considerable London run. Milligan has a big British reputation, but on the basis of this work and of his performance (he is in the film), the reason eludes me. Lester knows him from early television days and evidently values him. Some auld acquaintance should be forgot.

This is an absurdist farce that takes place three years after the next war, which itself lasted two minutes and 28 seconds. London, where it all happens, is now one vast cindery waste, with a few scraps of buildings, the top of St. Paul's dome, a park of broken dishes, and a mountain of shoes. Underneath runs the underground, pointlessly, powered by a bicycle-driven generator and inhabited by a few of the 20 people left. Overhead floats an orange balloon containing two detectives, ordering everyone (such as that is) to keep moving, so as not to present a good target to a potential enemy.

In this nowhere that is left, while we hear a series of old-timey fox-trots and waltzes on the sound-track, we get a series of farce and slapstick situations based on fantasy extensions of atomic mutation. A lord (Ralph Richardson) feels he is changing, and does change, into a bed-sitting room. Rita Tushingham, impregnated in the underground, gives birth after 18 months to a monster, which is followed soon by a normal baby. Her father changes into a parrot, her mother into a wardrobe. It all ends with qualified hope – or perhaps it's mitigated despair.

At least two elements in this film are superb. David Watkin's color photography insists on every delicate shade of the waste on which we look, as if to satirize the idea of beauty here by rendering desolation with artistry. And most of the acting is excellent. Michael Hordern provides more of his fine flustering as a doctor; Arthur Lowe and Mona Washbourne, the girl's parents, give several textures to everything they do; and the joy above all is Ralph Richardson. (He is almost as good as Sir Edward Grey in Attenborough's film, where his part is smaller.) Richardson passed through a long period in his career when he indulged in the most eccentric line-readings since the ripest Orson Welles. He was never dull, but he was often mannered and self-serving. Then, with his Peter Teazle in *The School for Scandal* on Broadway a few years ago, a more mature Richardson appeared, interested only in the work in hand. His crazy lord here is a gem of caricature. You will go far to hear the English language inflected with more comic relish and subtlety.

Lester's direction suffers from the constrictions of a theater piece, as it also did in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* and as it did not in *The Knack.* In the latter he and his adapter blew the play apart and mixed the bits with other bits of their own invention to make himself at home cinematically. *The Bed Sitting Room* has doubtless gone through changes from the original, but it remains a linear work which Lester follows in two-dimensional fashion. If the incidents had some interest or hu-

(Continued on page 32)

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Reed Whittemore: How A Novel Makes It

The Wake of The Icarus

by Nathaniel Benchley

(Atheneum; $6.95)

This novel lusts after a TV or movie contract and should get one. There is the small difficulty that it is about a spy ship. The Navy is planning to phase out spy ships, so the media may be expected eventually to phase them out too. At the moment, however, Mr. Benchley's spy ship seems still perfectly hep, as do his novel's other ingredients – Naval court martials, racial strife, Cuban revolutionary expansionism, obscenities, and so on – so I think a contract is in order if only it can be signed soon.

To aspire to hepness among the media is to be saddled as a novelist with a variety of special problems. What is clearly marketable is not clearly sensible, human, moral or even immoral. In the mixed-up film world of spy stories, war stories, science-fiction stories and camp it becomes less and less clear what is to be conventionally affirmed. The genres have become thematically confused. There are no givens. We can be sure only of a certain quantity of violence and sex, and of conversation that will touch on contemporary (relevant) issues. So what is the author's business? – to provide scenes with those necessary cinematic elements, and to move fast from scene to scene.

Mr. Benchley has provided. He has his spy ship sunk by a malevolent mine in the Caribbean in the first chapter, with the loss of three-quarters of the crew (sample comment on the loss: "The boys in the boiler room all fried"). He then moves the survivors to a small island that is the center for a Cuban gun-running operation, and has them get drunk and stupid, arming themselves with Czech submachine guns. They fight indiscriminately among themselves and with the enemy until several more of their number are dead or wounded (sample comment: " 'how are you, mate?' he asked. 'You gonna live?' "). Benchley then abruptly rescues them so that the story can end with court martials for the hero and villain.

Yes, we do have a hero and a villain. The villain is the ship's second-in-command, an ex-Yaley (one term) of inexpressible dishonesty and arrogance, in short a villain in an old mode. The hero is more up-to-date, the ship's captain, an anti-hero prone to seasickness, unsure why he joined the Navy, irresolute and honest. With heavy irony Benchley has the villain exonerated by the court martial board of a murder he had committed, but has the harmless captain found guilty of defects of leadership (as sop the survivors side with the hero and give him a wristwatch for the grand finale).

Plenty of scenes, then. Plenty of violence. Even plenty of comedy (such as offering Cubans chits for Czech machine guns). All that is missing in the novel is direction, a common media difficulty. As with a number of TV shows the reader is left wondering whether he is dealing with a straightforward drama or a joke.

In conventional escape fiction, such as Westerns or detective stories, the author may well be guided, basically not by plot or theme but by the need to include the maximum number of exciting moments in his script. There's no harm in this. Readers are used to such small skullduggery and enjoy it. They only ask that the writer make conventional acknowledgements to the genre as he goes along (agreeing to solve the crime and explain it, agreeing to regard the crime as essentially bad, the detective as essentially good, etc.). In other words so long as the conventions are accepted by the writer, they may be in effect ignored and the exciting-moment principle allowed to rule.

If, however, the writer starts to worry and nag the conventions, then there is trouble. Readers are left adrift with their mouths open, wondering where they are and what has happened to them. Much of the filmed spy story material now in circulation seems to have reached this point. The stories vacillate between camp and serious, between conventionally chauvinistic affirmations of the American way, and jokes about the affirmations. Mr. Benchley, aspiring to this market, provides the same confusion. Sometimes he seems to be writing a James Bond ex-

The Game of Animals

My pinball game. The game of animals.
My dime. I introduce the ball. I work
the double flipper buttons. I electrify the board; I press; perspire; reactivate the bells, the bumper lights, the beasts
from A to Z, from Ape to Zebra, Ark
to Zoo and

BONUS SPECIAL SUPERBONUS
CHOICE AND SUPERCHOICE!

A tilt? No tilt,
but on the board an automatic monkey
grinding his little organ for a winner.
One free replay. A dozen free replays.
A hundred – no, a hundred thousand replays.
My lucky night

and wait:

tomorrow morning
I'll see my children shed their imperfections;
and tattered edges of my life will be
bound up in gold; and nothing in the world
will die of hunger; and there'll be no war.

Barbara L. Greenberg

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travaganza, sometimes a realistic social document; sometimes his anti-hero captain emerges as a serious figure, more often he is a Naval Max Smart. Similarly the issues touched on in the novel are ambiguously presented. Are we to share the hero's occasional concern about the rightness or wrongness of American foreign policy – or is that concern just a camp concern, something to laugh at?

When in doubt I laughed, but not hard. Camp is a nasty disease for literature. Unlike old-fashioned satire and parody it infects the whole world around it indiscriminately. My guess is that Benchley meant to be serious, mostly, in *The Wake of the Icarus*, but the gyrations of his genre kept leading him astray. At one point, for example, his hero, with his tongue eccentrically paralyzed by a strange island berry, doesn't know whether his trouble is funny or not, but manages to give a short lecture anyway:

> What's funny about having your tongue paralyzed and maybe your throat and lungs? What's funny about suffocation? The same thing that's funny about botulism or quicksand, or a crushed pelvis. Gallows humor, they call it – or nowadays black humor . . .

This reader thinks it might better be called Bugs Bunny humor.

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Joseph Featherstone: The Way of Reconciliation

Gandhi's Truth by Erik H. Erikson

(Norton; $10.00)

Gandhi's Truth is a difficult, brilliant, immensely rewarding book, written in passion and yet in fits and starts, full of second thoughts, asides, private meditations and doubts, and even an open letter to the Mahatma, attacking his narrow self-righteousness, especially in personal and family matters. Erikson travelled to India in the course of writing it, and certain parts seem touched with some of the elemental formlessness that is often attributed to Hindu thought. It is characteristic of this convoluted work that before visiting Gandhi's India we must first follow Erikson's passage to his India: at the very outset he lingers over an account of his visit to the industrial city of Ahmedabad, relating how he came to believe that the decisive event in Gandhi's career was a relatively obscure episode there in 1918, when the Mahatma took over the leadership of a textile strike. Typically, too, Erikson is constantly interrupting the flow of his argument to reflect on the complexities involved in the relationship between a clinician - biographer - admirer and his elusive subject.

The rich variousness of styles, concerns, and voices in *Gandhi's Truth* testifies that it is many things at once: an essay on the intersection of the curve of one man's life with the line of history; a clinical portrait of greatness; a series of reflections on the middle years of the life cycle, when men try to come to terms with their sense of vocation and their responsibilities as householders; a troubled restatement of the case for what Gandhi called *Satyagraha* and what Martin Luther King called militant nonviolence.

It is also something both more and less than the sum of all these things. It is a fumbling attempt to distill from the details of an ambiguous life the outline of what for want of another phrase I would call a modern manual of piety: an essay on ethical issues which are crucial for us all, but which are difficult to speak about. There is a logic in Erikson's career, and it seems fitting and risky that it should take this turning now. He is best known for his studies of childhood and youth; his formulations of the concept of identity in books like *Young Man Luther* and *Childhood and Society* demonstrated an extraordinary grasp of the cultural and historical settings in which people live, as well as a most un-Freudian clinician's concern with the conscious social and ethical decisions they must face. His more recent, less satisfactory work has increasingly crossed the borders of ethics and morals. He writes in the aftermath of the classical age of debunking – Freud was the greatest debunker of them all – when it takes a certain amount of nerve to discuss the different aspects of qualities such as, say, hope and integrity. To modern ears, such words are corroded by usage, freighted with echoes from discredited, fraudulent theological and ethical systems. Talk of this sort so easily turns preachy, bland, and obvious; or else it tends to slide into murky, abstract discourse whose point, if there is one, seems largely incantatory.

In *Gandhi's Truth* and elsewhere, Erikson has not escaped these dangers. There are smug sentences here, as well as passages which I, at least, can't understand. I finished with a good many reservations about the extent to which Gandhi in the flesh lived up to the exemplary qualities that Erikson wishes to speak of in tracing his career. What is exhilarating – and compelling – about *Gandhi's Truth* is Erikson's perception that the figure of this holy, political, baffling man embodies so many of the central issues of our time: death and our response to it; God, or at least the possibility of another order implicit in our lives; sex, and harnessing basic drives and instincts for our salvation, rather than our destruction; colonial and revolutionary movements, and the possibility of transcending old

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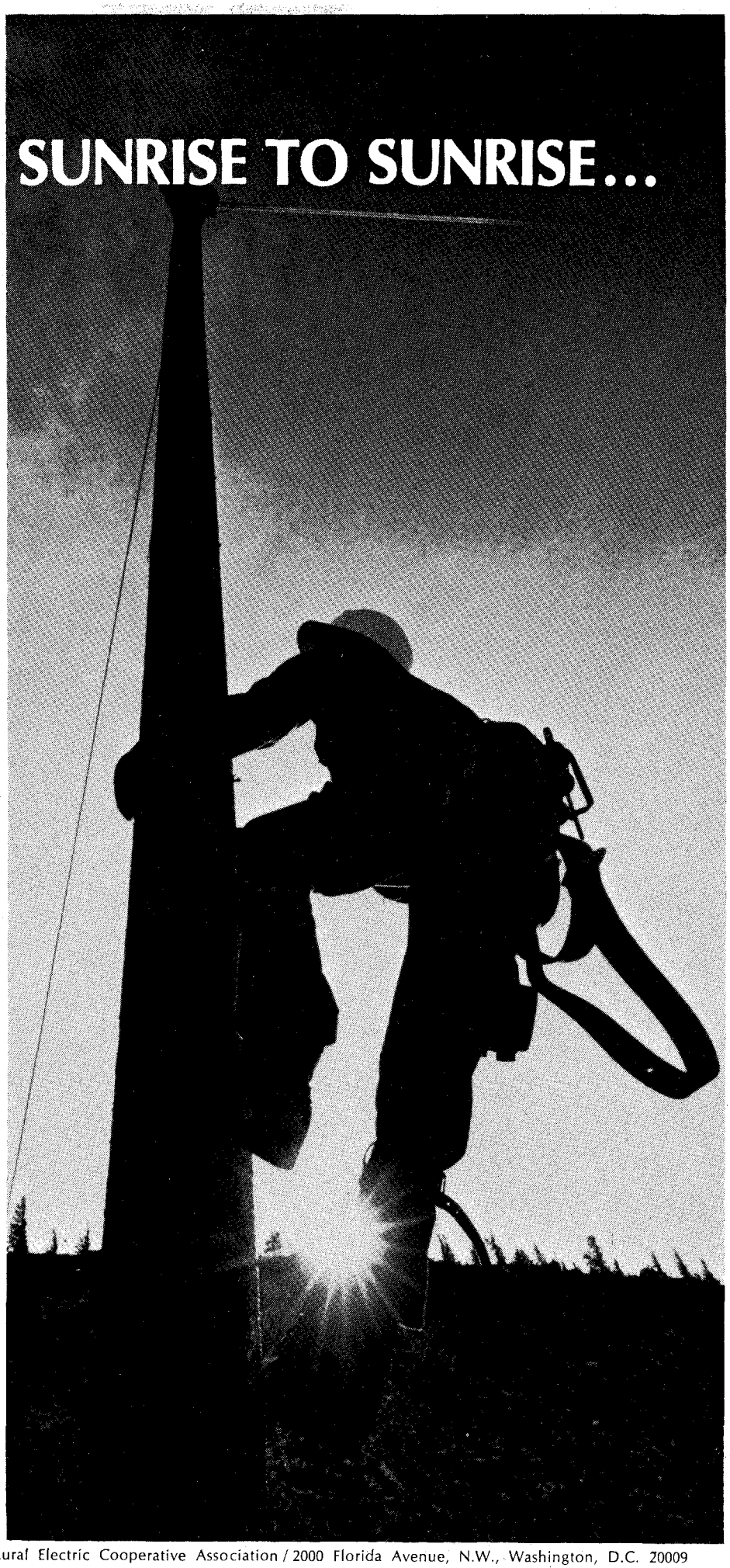

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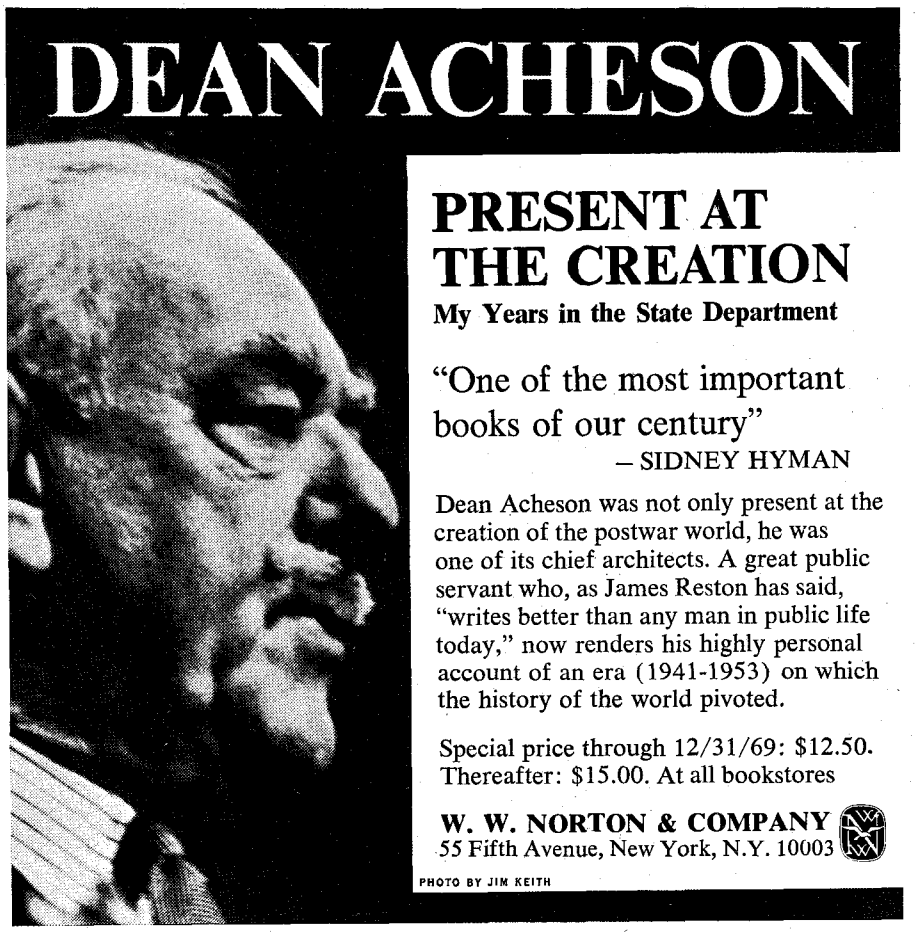
racial, nationalistic, and caste identities in favor of more inclusive identities – to shape our lives and our societies around the realization that all men belong to a single species; and most of all – the search for ways to awake from the nightmare of our violent existence.

All these are approached more or less indirectly; they are never taken up apart from Erikson's cumulative psychological narrative of the Mahatma. For many readers this narrative, the portrait of the evolution of Gandhi, will be the heart of the book. The account is measured and fully rounded. Here is Gandhi's charm and his style of humor, reminiscent of the playfulness of St. Francis – who once urged his followers to piss in the mouth of the Devil.

Here is a sharp sketch of Gandhi as leader, alternately the father of the movement and the mother of his disciples – emphasizing his womanliness, or at least his dependence in a way that invites comparison with the paralyzed FDR, or Lincoln with his shawl. By turns, Erikson also deals with his slyness, his conservatism – the account of the whole spinning wheel campaign is sympathetic, although it didn't persuade me that the idea was anything but quixotic – and his inconsistencies, as when in 1918 the apostle of nonviolence helped recruit for the British Army. Erikson's most persistent doubts stem from his perceptions of the Mahatma's history of savage moralism and sanctimoniousness, for Gandhi's renunciation of the flesh left him particularly – and Erikson argues, significantly – vindictive toward his wife and his children. Faced with these matters, the clinician admits to sensing "a kind of untruth in the very protestation of truth; of something unclean when all the words spelled out unreal purity; and above all, of displaced violence when nonviolence was the professed issue."

This is an important reservation for Erikson, who is intent on restating the case for Gandhian militant nonviolence in all realms, private, as well as public. As he sees it, Gandhi's upbringing – particularly his relations with his father – prepared him for a style of leadership that could only defeat adversaries nonviolently, with the intention of saving them. The textile strike in Ahmedabad, following 21 years of civil disobedience in South Africa, was a kind of catalyst for the career of the middle-aged Mahatma: From the strike on, Erikson demonstrates that he was consciously seeking ways to substitute militant nonviolence for the ordinary methods of power politics. To Erikson, these experiments were analogues in the public realm to Freud's psychiatric methods. Gandhi's "method of truth" was, in its most far-reaching formulations, an attempt to work out a universal political therapeutics, to confront fundamental social issues and rescue adversaries from their fanatical moralism, to create public rituals of reconciliation. Yet Gandhi remained curiously blind to the private, inner sources of much human violence. If Freud was fatalistic on the possibilities of changing social institutions – ending war, for example – Gandhi was a stubborn and doctrinaire quietist when it came to private life. His *ahimsa* extended to guarding another's physical inviolacy – that was an absolute – but he never saw, as Freud did, that there are other, subtler kinds of internal violence, such as destroying a son's essence as a developing person. "It is in daily life, and especially in the life of children that the human propensity for violence is founded," Erikson says. Gandhi's asceticism, an answer to distinctly private needs, reflected some awareness that basic human instincts were involved in violence; but his total, heroic renunciations foreclosed extending these insights into the realm of inner conflict and daily life. Erikson insists that only a fusion of Gandhi's public Satyagraha and a Satyagraha of daily life stands any chance of breaking the cycles of human repression and violence.

Erikson's account of the development of Gandhi's principles of militant nonviolence has two distinctly original features. He shows how radical Gandhi was – in theory if not always in practice. And he shows Gandhi's own growing sense of the complexities and difficulties in his ideal. Gandhi always aimed at reconciliation, but at his best he was never preaching reconciliation alone: his daring lay in his willingness to couple this aim with truly revolutionary objectives. As for the complexities in the ideal, some are obvious and have been mentioned by every critic. Militant nonviolence rests on the assumption that the opponent has a conscience, that man as a species shares a common decency. This is a matter of faith, not evidence. Sometimes it seems demonstrably untrue. And there were, as Gandhi saw, other problems. In part, the tactics of militant nonviolence were designed to restore a sense of dignity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and identity to an oppressed colonial people. Nehru expressed this when he said that what Gandhi accomplished was "a psychological change, almost as if some expert in psychoanalytic methods had probed deep in the patient's past, found out the origin of his complexes, exposed them to his view and thus rid him of that burden. . . ." Yet there were, it became apparent, conflicts between forming a national identity and reconciling people, as the murderous rioting in the wake of independence showed. The nationalist's therapy is frequently at someone else's expense. A method to unify the human race through generating a wider sense of identity ended the captive of fanatical nationalist religious movements. Gandhi was also aware that for the weak to resort to nonviolence in the face of a strong enemy was a matter of prudent tactics, not principle. Towards the end, he believed that a people would have to have the capacity to defend themselves if they were to be truly ready for nonviolence, a position which for all its psychological realism many regarded as a complete reversal.

Thus if I read this difficult book correctly, it does not argue that the historical record on Gandhi offers a clear answer to the question of violence. How could it? Nonviolent men like Gandhi and King nearly always end as martyrs; every generation sees examples of their kind of goodness ending on the Cross. Erikson can only make modest and tentative claims. He is saying that at the very least it is likely that militant nonviolence can still be an effective weapon in a democracy, when issues have become too complex and clouded and people find it necessary to return to the bedrock of utter simplicity. For example, there is still a chance that the solidarity of unarmed bodies can help stop the war in Vietnam. We are beginning to see something Gandhi never imagined, although conscripts have dreamed it over the ages: soldiers putting down weapons and refusing to fight.

Beyond that, Erikson is reminding us that so far this century offers few alternatives to nonviolence:

> In a period when proud statesmen could speak of a "war to end war"; when the super-policemen of Versailles could bathe in the glory of a peace that would make "the world safe for democracy"; when the revolutionaries in Russia could entertain the belief that terror could initiate an eventual "withering away of the state" – during that same period one man in India confronted the world with the strong suggestion that a new political instrument, endowed with a new kind of religious fervor, may yet provide men with a choice.

Not only are the alternatives poor, but they are getting worse. It is still arguable that, at times, the open violence of a revolution may be required to overcome the quiet, day-to-day violence of oppression. But it is hard to see how any further violence could reduce the growing likelihood that the human experiment on this planet is coming to an end. When the Mahatma was asked about the atom bomb he said he would go out in the open in an attack and let the pilot see him: "The pilot will not see our faces from his great height, I know. But that longing in our hearts – that he will not come to harm – would reach up to him and his eyes would be opened." To some this will seem mad; to Erikson and to me it suggests, faintly, a basic attitude on which to build a different world order.

Gandhi's Truth recreates the life of another modern who attempted sainthood without God. There are risks in the enterprise: the risk of turning into a Lenin, a Grand Inquisitor enforcing miracle, mystery, and authority with whips and guns in the name of History. A religious figure like Gandhi, with his spinning wheel, his Victorian pieties, and his holy texts, runs a special risk: the condescension of a skeptical age. One of Erikson's achievements has been to rescue Gandhi from both vulgar admiration and vulgar contempt: to show the hero in all his perplexingness.

The last word is not about heroism, however. In the end, *Gandhi's Truth* raises the possibility that the rest of us could go beyond these arrogant saviors to create a Satyagraha of daily existence: not the lonely path of the revolutionary hero whose despair and compassion license him to kill, and not the solitary way of the ascetic, who cannot share the round of ordinary living, but daily rituals of reconciliation among all of us. At a time when many entertain hungry fantasies of reliving the heroic revolutionary adventures of the century, Erikson is teaching – if not to abjure violence completely, at least to weigh its consequences and repudiate the nihilism of action divorced from any meaning or justification. And because he shows the tragic inconclusiveness of Gandhi's life, recalling the unintended consequences of all historical actions, he also reminds us to pray for forgiveness.

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Alex Campbell: Circles Going Nowhere?

The Business Cycle in a Changing World by Arthur F. Burns

(National Bureau of Economic Research; $8.50)

Will cities burn again while Burns fiddles?

The late Senator Robert F. Wagner concluded in 1931 that unemployment is "a by-product of capitalism." However, he recommended trying to ameliorate it by collecting unemployment statistics, to discover just how many workers were unemployed, and for how long, and whether there were concurrent job vacancies. In 1946, Congress by overwhelming vote of both major parties passed an Employment Act, pinning on the federal government a continuing responsibility to promote "maximum" employment. Nevertheless, job vacancy statistics are still not available in this country. Arthur F. Burns was chairman of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers and is now Counsellor to President Nixon. Burns says electronic computers could seek to match available jobs and unemployed workers in hours, or minutes, but don't, because "our Federal-State employment service has failed to flourish." While he's at it, Counsellor Burns might try to improve other statistical services. He points out in this book of economic studies that, throughout 1965, the Department of Commerce quarter by quarter miscalculated the annual rate of growth by between $2- and $5 billon. Though the Pentagon has bungled some cost estimates as badly, it's difficult to conceive of errors of this magnitude being allowed to occur in figures affecting, say, a trip to the moon or construction of an ABM.

Why, despite pious congressional avowals, has unemployment been kicked under the affluence rug and ignored? Maybe because, as Burns says, a 5 percent unemployment rate if shared evenly means no more than an unpaid 2½ weeks' vacation. Workers who are members of strong labor unions take this in their stride. But of course unemployment never is shared evenly. When an average of 5 percent actually means as much as 30 percent unemployment for young Negroes, that's when the president of General Motors stands at his office window watching Detroit burn.

What's called "full" employment is 4 percent unemployment or under. Employment has rarely been "full." In 1961, unemployment was 7 percent, and it has been as high as 25 percent – 13 million workers, in 1935. Further, attempts to achieve "full" employment cause inflation. In the middle of last year, unemployment was down below 4 percent, but inflation had doubled.

It seems as if workers have a Hobson's choice between less than "full" employment, or inflation (i.e., lower real wages). In April last year, when unemployment was unusually low, Burns reported to a Los Angeles audience that "contrary to a widespread impression, the real income of the average American worker has not improved at all during the past two or three years." Wages were "actually a trifle lower in 1966 than in 1965, and again a trifle lower in 1967 than in 1966." Also to be taken into account are the 9 million workers the Department of Labor calls the "subemployed," meaning those who are out of work for long periods (2.4 million) and those who have only part-time jobs and earn less than $3000 a year (6.7 million). That's over 10 percent of the labor force.

The picture becomes blacker when it's recalled that government nowadays accounts for the spending of about 30 percent of GNP. The swollen defense budget provides jobs for at least 7.5 million people. What if government accounted for only a modest 10 percent of GNP, as once was the case, and if spending on defense and space didn't in a recent decade, 1957-66, add up to the enormous sum of $520 billion? Twice in this book, Burns says that "deficiency of demand was a major cause of unemployment during much of the period since 1957." One answer, too easy, is that if this $520 billion had been diverted to civilian purposes, education could have got 2½ times as much money as it actually got, or spending on new housing could have almost trebled. It's simplistic to say this, however, because money "saved" on defense and space wouldn't be spent on schools and homes; things don't work that way.

Ten years ago, Burns lost his last battle with dinosaurs inside the Eisenhower Administration. He argued unavailingly that a sharp rise in money rates would cause recession; it did. What happened after that? Three months after John F. Kennedy and Robert Kennedy got in a hassle, in April 1962, with US Steel over a steel price hike, the Administration eased corporate taxes. Subsequently, from 1963 to 1965, President Johnson held

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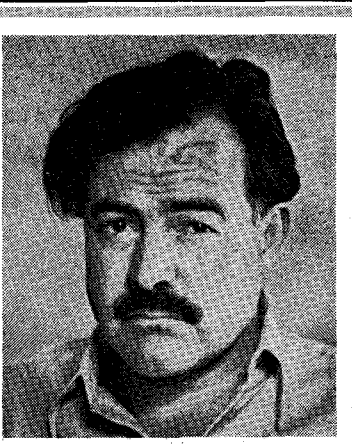

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government spending steady. That set the stage, Burns thinks, for "private enterprise and private demand once again becoming the great energizing force of the economy." However, he thinks it also replanted the seeds of recession. In 1965, unemployment was still as high as 5 percent; but price advances spread out over the economy well before mid-1965, and had begun before Vietnam spending was significant. Burns seems to doubt that the economy as it moves toward "full" employment can rid itself of "the imbalance that normally develops between capital investment and consumption." Enthroning "growth" doesn't depose the business cycle, or banish unemployment. The best hope of achieving "maximum" employment, as promised in the 1946 Act, lies in those electronic computers, and in job-training. The residue of inevitable unemployment will then hopefully be somewhat smaller, and may not be as concentrated on riot-prone blacks.

Meantime, however, the economy still lacks employment computers, and as it moves into 1970 it looks like moving away again from "full" employment, while prices are still rising.

Where we came in.

Barbara Raskin: Southern-Fried

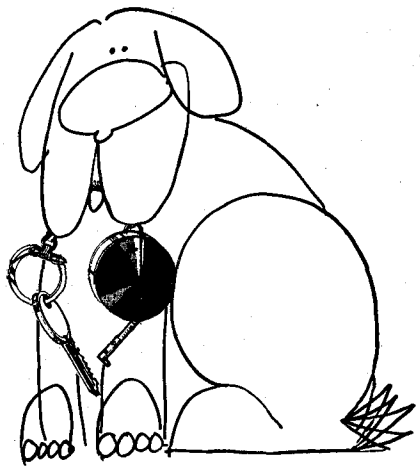
The Collected Stories of Peter Taylor

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10.00)

The collection of Peter Taylor's short stories, written over a period of some twenty years, is respectable, careful, craftsmanlike, but ultimately mind-deadening. They are a technical combination of Jamesian precision and symmetry, plus Faulknerian mood and atmosphere. The characters are reminiscent of Williams or Capote. We've had enough old-style, southern-fried realism, enough of eccentric or incestuous families tending their faded houses and lives, enough social events which the teen-aged children of "good" families attend in now-decadent mansions, enough about the humiliating behavior of not-so-nice relatives and "fancy ladies" who drink too much, of the premature deaths of beautiful young white girls with mysterious maladies, of the presumably restless young men who wonder if there is something more adventurous than their small town destinies, and of brave "old maid" ladies traveling by train back to Memphis to bury distant, dead relatives.

The majority of stories, and by far the poorest and most boring, are those exclusively concerned with mores and manners of the southern white ladies handling black servants, of economically or culturally impoverished "good families" trying to maintain life-styles that no longer (even romantically) seem worth preserving, of the bizarre behavior of the stagnating gentry who stayed behind to cling to a dead culture, of the endless contest between the old and the new, the black and the white, the north and the south, and the freeways built through "good ole sections of town." And we have definitely heard enough sympathetic accounts of southern white women whining about the difficulties of finding good servants nowadays.

The black folk who get top billing in several stories are handled tenderly by an author who seems oblivious to past or present realities. While Aunt Munsie, the ageless black maid who spent her life working for the Tollivers, is treated leniently by the white townsfolk, the only words she can mutter are "What You Hear from 'Em?" which is the title of her story and her basic theme of "why don't the nice white folk come back to our town and make



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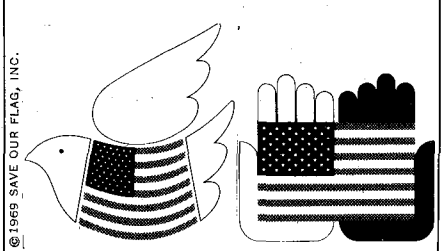

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things the way they used to be?" That Aunt Munsie might harbor such an illusion is legitimate, but the author too seems to believe that those really were the good ole days. Mr. Taylor projects neither compassion nor clarity about the circumstances which produced the creature he created.

"A Wife of Nashville" is a long chronicle of the maids Mrs. Lovell had over several decades and how they satisfied or failed to meet their human and domestic responsibilities. The surprise ending is that Mrs. Lovell finally conspires to free one black maid, Jess McGehee, who wants to leave slavery. The shock this inspires in the white family is enormous:

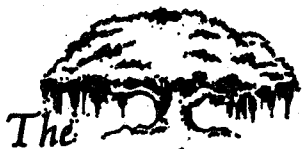
> [Mrs. Lovell] turned her eyes from the window to look at their faces around the table, and it was strange to see that they were still thinking in the most personal and particular terms of how they had been deceived by a servant, the ignorant granddaughter of an ignorant slave, a Negro woman from Brownsville who was crazy about the movies and who would soon be riding a bus, mile after mile, on her way to Hollywood, where she might find the friendly faces of the real Neil Hamilton and the real Irene Rich. It was with effort that Helen Ruth thought again of Jess McGehee's departure and the problem of offering an explanation to her family. At last, she said patiently, "My dears, don't you see how it was for Jess? How else can they tell us anything when there is such a gulf?" After a moment she said, "How can I make you understand this?"

There is another maid in another story entitled "Cookie" who lets on to her employers at the dinner table that she has discovered (through another maid in another household) that the white bossman has been philandering. The couple neglects to consider the accusation; instead the wife wonders, as the doctor-husband suspiciously departs after dinner for some unspecified destination, whether or not Cookie should be fired. "I can't have her talking that way to my husband," the wife said aloud, yet to herself, "But I won't fire her. . . . She's too much one of us – too much one of the family, and I know she'll be full of remorse for speaking out of turn like that."

The reader wonders whether these stories are really clever, underspoken put-downs of frivolous, unimportant, superficial, silly, Southern whites. But the length of the book and Taylor's return to the same insipid, if not insidious, situations, events, remembrances and nostalgia finally implicates and indicts the author as much as his work. He does take these people seriously. And worse, he created characters who never achieve any essentially human attributes or significance.

His best stories deal with younger people, for the most part ex-southerners, by geography or spirit, those who return home for annual visits and muse about academic existences or residencies in New York or Paris.

That the Miss Leonora Logans of Thomasville, still exist is undoubtedly true, but not necessarily interesting. That the Miss Patty Beans of Memphis still cling to past traditions might also be true, but they've already been pinned to the wall of American Literature. Surely there must be new complications, complexities, or configurations in the south that could be explored by a serious writer with an eye for the visual and vocal. But that is not for Mr. Taylor.



The Southern Review

OCTOBER, 1969

HAROLD LOEB
reviews
CARLOS BAKER'S
"Ernest Hemingway:
A Life Story".

Of Carlos Baker's account of the "Dangerous Summer" at Pamplona Harold Loeb writes: "My memory of the event is very different."

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The Southern Review
Drawer D University Station
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Correspondence

The Vietnamese

Sirs:

I read TRB's column in your September 27 issue discussing our moral commitment to the people of South Vietnam. This is a disturbing question that deserves more of our attention. I have been dismayed by the lack of progress in Paris and the recent fumblings by the Administration in response to the reports of decreased infiltration from North Vietnam, President Thieu's reorganized cabinet, the three-day cease fire following Ho Chi Minh's death and the ill-fated 36-hour bombing "halt." Nonetheless my hope is that the war in Vietnam will be brought to a prompt conclusion. At that time we will be squarely confronted with our responsibilities to those South Vietnamese who committed themselves to the cause of the US.

We have spent billions of dollars in a military effort that has virtually obliterated North and South Vietnam. The President on his Asian journey talked about the need for economic assistance to rebuild that country. If our goal is stability in Southeast Asia, we cannot avoid such a commitment. In fact, some form of multilateral assistance to both North and South Vietnam after the conclusion of hostilities could play a meaningful role in the present peace negotiations.

Of equal importance, however, are our responsibilities to the South Vietnamese people. Many have placed their lives in jeopardy by publicly supporting and assisting United States' efforts in this war. A new government in South Vietnam may well threaten the continued safety of these men and women. This factor must be in the minds of the present Saigon regime.

To date there are some four million refugees in South Vietnam. They are housed in inadequate refugee camps, jobless, homeless, suffering from improper health care and inadequate food distribution. When the war ends, their problems will not. We have an obligation to provide assistance to these people. We must establish and support a South Vietnam refugee program, provide emergency relief services, health care, job training, education and op-

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portunity for resettlement. Furthermore, as the French did after Dien Bien Phu, we should open our shores to those South Vietnamese who have supported US endeavors through the years and want to leave Vietnam.

When I was Secretary of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, we faced a similar problem with Cuban refugees fleeing oppression in Cuba. We were able to establish programs that not only provided assistance when these refugees reached our shores, but gave them the necessary linguistic and educational tools to be assimilated quickly and usefully into our economy and society. Over 250,000 Cuban refugees have been assisted under this program with the coordinated help of volunteer organizations and federal, state and local government agencies.

Obviously many details remain to be worked out. Immigration authorities together with representatives of the Armed Forces and perhaps the CIA will have to clear applicants for admission to the United States. Transportation will have to be provided. Federal assistance should be made available to those cities and states which provide services and education for the Vietnamese upon their arrival.

But these are only details. What we must do now is to recognize the need to address ourselves to these details. It would be shameful for us to conclude the war in Vietnam without making provision for the protection and welfare of those South Vietnamese who committed themselves to the cause of the United States.

Abe Ribicoff
US Senate

Cease-Fire Fallacy

Sirs:

Along with *The New Republic*, we would all feel better if the Vietcong and Hanoi would accept a standstill cease-fire prior to a political settlement having been reached. This would stop the killings in this tragic war. But along with *The New Republic*, we also feel that such a proposal for ending the war is unrealistic.

The undersigned were correctly listed in the October 4 editorial "The Cease-Fire Fallacy" as being sponsors of the National Committee for a Political Settlement in Vietnam (formerly known as Negotiation Now!). This committee has become the principal sponsor of the standstill cease-fire proposal. In the earlier days of the movement against the war in Vietnam the committee, as Negotiation Now!, played a useful role. However, none of the undersigned has had anything to do with the committee's present cease-fire proposal before it was announced to the public. The leadership of the committee is sincere in pursuing the standstill cease-fire proposal but we feel, for reasons given in *The New Republic* editorial, that such proposals are not useful.

In our judgment, the best strategy for the United States at this point is to begin the full disengagement of our troops from combat in Vietnam and their return to this country.

The effective way to seek a cease-fire is in connection with the negotiation of a political solution. Such a solution cannot be negotiated without change in regime in Saigon. Hanoi and the NLF will not accept a standstill cease-fire until there is in Saigon a government in which they participate or with which they can work. It is improbable that the Communists will accept a standstill cease-fire under present circumstances.

Carl Kaysen
Joseph L. Rauh, Jr.
Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Sirs:

I agree that time has overtaken the negotiated cease-fire solution in Vietnam.

John Kenneth Galbraith
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

Your "Cease-Fire Fallacy" editorial built its entire case around the false assumption that the National Committee for a Poltical Settlement in Vietnam advocates a cease-fire without a political settlement. That this is not the fact could have been ascertained, along with our correct title, by simply reading any of our materials, all of which state clearly our five point standstill cease-fire, free elections *package* proposal. It consists of the following points, the elements of which were contained in the original Negotiation Now petition beginning in May, 1967: A standstill cease-fire by all sides in Vietnam; an international peace-keeping force to oversee the cease-fire, the political settlement, the withdrawal of all outside military forces and the protection of minorities; prompt free elections under the jurisdiction of a joint and representative electoral commission, with both sides agreeing to accept the result of the elections; a land reform program getting title to the tenants farming the land and providing compensation to the landlord; extensive medical aid and relief to refugees, and economic development aid channeled through the United Nations.

Thus, negotiation of the cease-fire package could become in effect the negotiation of the political settlement, since the "standstill" is political as well as military, recognizing the *de facto* "leopard spot" ground situation and conceding that the NLF will very likely, through elections which they join in supervising, maintain local control in and representation from the areas they now control. They will get a fair chance to compete in all other areas, an assured role in the newly elected government, and a firm foothold to pursue their goals and increase their control politically, since they are one of the best organized minorities in South Vietnam.

Thus is created the circumstance by which you say they may reasonably be expected to stop fighting – a political deal which gives them a substantial hope of getting what they want without war, for some kind of coalition government is the inevitable result of new free and fair elections.

Why can't elections be the method of choosing the new Saigon regime which you say must "come into being"? It's more reliable than alchemy, and superior to imperialistically throwing out the present government and installing one more to your immediate liking. We agree that the US must withdraw from Vietnam. But withdrawal without a cease-fire can be a long and bloody process. We want to end the killing now, and not simply Vietnamize it. We have everything to gain and nothing to lose by making such a comprehensive proposal in Paris, thus offering a chance to stop all the killing, bring all our troops home and end the

Notes on Contributors

BARBARA RASKIN *teaches at American University in Washington, D.C.*

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tragic waste of funds so badly needed in our own country.

Clark Kerr, Chairman
National Committee for a Political Settlement in Vietnam

Sirs:

It is certainly true, as stated in your editorial, that I have been a sponsor of the Committee for a Political Settlement in Vietnam. However, although I still believe that this Committee has done extremely valuable work and that its position may even still be sound (who can be sure about such matters?), my own emphasis would now fall on the urgency of an American withdrawal from the war rather than on a standstill cease-fire. Incidentally, you mis-state the Committee's position when you say that it advocates a cease-fire "before a political settlement has been reached." The Committee's position has always been that a cease-fire can only come as part of a political package. Be that as it may, I think the main point to press in the present context is the necessity for a complete American disengagement from Vietnam, horrible though some of the consequences of such a policy would almost certainly be.

Norman Podhoretz
New York City

Sirs:

Although I am a member of the executive committee of the National Committee for a Political Settlement in Vietnam (and helped found it as Negotiation Now!) I agree with the main thrust of your lead note, "The Cease-Fire Fallacy." There is a time and a place for everything, and while two years ago the standstill cease-fire might have appeared plausible, it was not and it is not today. If actually pursued, it can result in a prolongation of the war.

Leon Shull, National Director
Americans for Democratic Action

The editors will comment further next week.

COMING:
Charles Thomas Samuels
on
The Cult of Cinema: Literature and Film
by Robert Richardson

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

mor, which they generally do not, that would help; if the dialogue were funny, instead of being laden with weak puns and fizzled firecrackers, that would help, too. Even in *Forum* Lester made some attempt to break loose and release his proper gifts. Here he just plods along obediently after a gag-writer's script.

But thematically, the film is as weak as Attenborough's. The idea of showing nuclear horror obliquely, through farce, is more interesting than the earnest confrontation with holocaust that some have tried; at least it involves an attitude, a transformation, that makes it more real than piled-on screams and flames. But the very first view of Hordern in his nonexistent surgery or of the family living in the subway car tells us absolutely everything that can be done in this vein; the rest is protraction, not development. And what if it were developed, what would the point be? A warning? To us? The people who elected Richard Nixon – or possibly would have preferred Hubert Humphrey? Attenborough jollies up the past; *The Bed Sitting Room* slapsticks the future; what puts me off both films is the implication that they contain learnable lessons – lessons that we could all easily master, if only we would, like quitting cigarettes.

Not *How I Won the War*. The really extraordinary qualities of that film are that it keeps its ridiculousness and its killing all in the same unfunny comic vein (which Attenborough fumbles); and that Lester's pyrotechnics, with this base, cut through the pietism in all of us to some truth: namely, we doom ourselves and *we like it that way*. If Freud's thesis of the death instinct is now questioned, still it is obviously and demonstrably true that there are things we are more afraid of than death, such as losing the perquisites of ego.

Last winter I showed *How I Won the War* at a midwest university and spoke about it. Afterward a young man told me that the picture had really frightened him because he recognized, in the militaristic hullabaloo, the very feelings that had filled him when he marched in an anti-Vietnam protest a few days before. That reaction helps to clarify why *The Bed Sitting Room* is a weak humanist gesture and the earlier film is an important work. *How I Won the War* tells us (with breathtaking art), not that we are victims of bureaucracies or that enlisted men are angels slaughtered by devilish officers but that we are *all* finished – now that we have the power to finish ourselves – unless we go deeper than deploring war and nuclear bombs.

As for Lester and his professional future, if he had a debt to Spike Milligan, he has now paid it; and can move on.

Two weeks ago I commented on the freshet of "personal" American films and said that I thought the chief reason for it was the changed attitude toward film of the millions who have come out of college since the Second War, along with the millions who are now in college. Some friends, and some others, have pointed out that this influence is far from discriminating, that young people tend to like films about young people so long as their lives and language and viewpoints are credibly portrayed. This is true enough. In speaking to young audiences, I often run into difficulties in criticizing one of "their" pictures. If it tells the "truth" about their lives, they don't care much about other factors, just as many blacks don't care about the faults in *The Learning Tree* because at last there is a full-dress American picture about blacks.

Well, I do care about those other factors – very much; and I think they are important to the future of all films, including those about young people and about blacks. But need a blessing be unmixed in order to be a blessing? In the world at large, has one endorsed the mindlessness of much youthful protest just because one is glad of the true moral passion in some of it? The fact is that if this new generation (and it runs up to 40) did not exist, evasive and shortsighted as it often is, this new movement in American films would not exist. They have at least budged the American film industry off its upholstered seat. What needs to happen now is for young people – and blacks – to get over the first rush of gratitude, to get bored with films that *merely* tell some truth about them. By their own discrimination, they can help prevent the industry from slickly pandering to them; and thus keep alive this new, but vulnerable, chance for growth.

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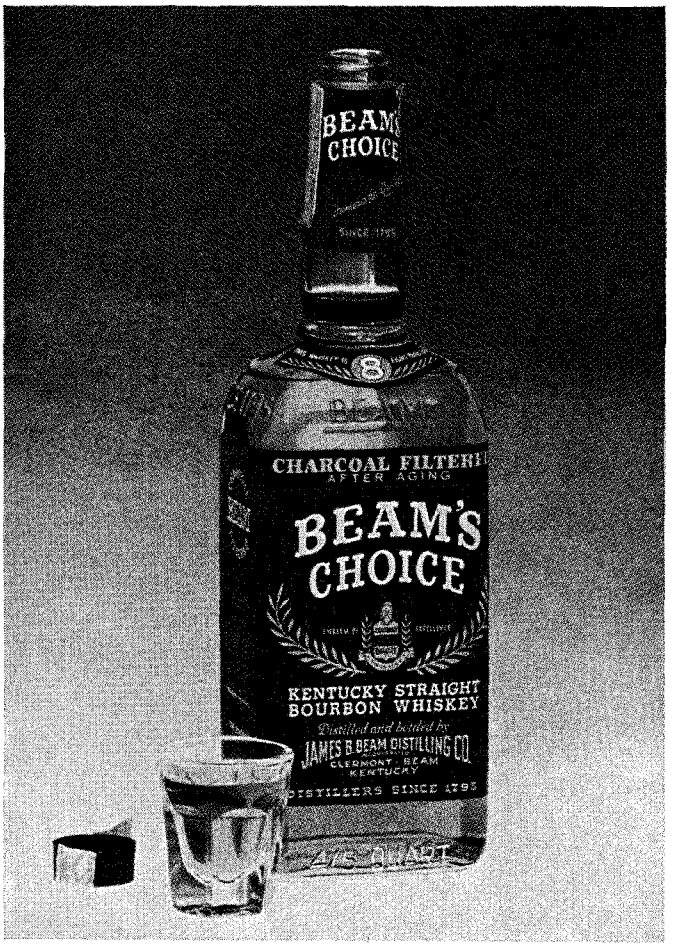

EIGHT YEARS OLD. 86 PROOF. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.

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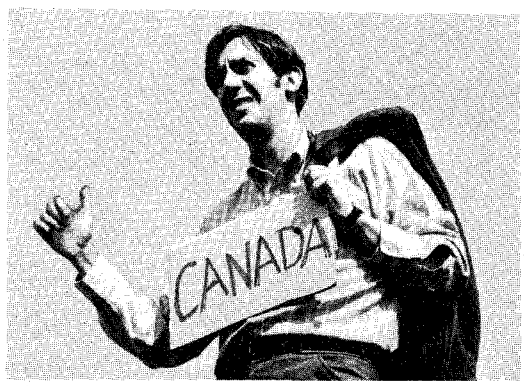
55 years ago his grandfather left Poland because of the draft.

OCT 15 1969



It used to be that people from other countries came here to avoid being forced into military service. To date, at least 10,000 men have fled the U.S. for the same reason.

Jeopardizing one's life should be a matter of choice.

The notion that a man could be forced against his will to kill or risk being killed was something many of our forefathers just couldn't accept. But since the founding of this country the idea that a person has a right to his own life has been gradually eroded.

Most Americans can learn to accept anything.

Somehow Americans have blindly accepted the principle of the draft since 1948. The National Council to Repeal the Draft was founded to get rid of it. But to do this we need money. To re-educate the public and politicians that the draft does not have to be an inevitable burden of the human condition.

Forcing men into civilian careers they don't want.

Just to show you how far down this irrational road we've come, a suppressed government document authored by General Hershey clearly defines another intent of the draft: channeling men through the deferment system into careers they may not want, but that the bureaucrats feel would be more to the national interest. The penalty for not submitting to such job coercion: the draft.

Next: drafting workers.

It doesn't take an expert to guess how long it will be before some well-meaning lawmaker decides that as long as we can draft men to die for their country we can draft men to work for their country. Sound absurd? Not at all. Two bills for doing exactly that were proposed by Congressmen during World War II. Fortunately, they were defeated.

How can we have the best army in the world when it's made up of draftees who don't want to be in it?

The first step to saner and better armed defense is to repeal the draft. But it won't happen unless people want it to happen. To change the climate of public opinion, we need money. If you can't send us a check, send us your name. Or duplicate copies of this ad and circulate them. Or organize a branch of the NCRD in your city.

If our request sounds like an emergency appeal, it is. We're not dissuaded by President Nixon's recent draft "delay" to calm the public outrage; what's needed is draft repeal.

A lottery is no substitute. It's still a draft and also gives the President unlimited peacetime powers to escalate military manpower without Congressional approval.

With enough money and enough names we may be able to reason Congress out of the draft.

The alternative is a continuation of a system of involuntary servitude that interrupts careers, educations, and lives. A system that tries to convert men into unwilling killers.

And that's enough to make any guy want to leave the country.

NATIONAL COUNCIL TO REPEAL THE DRAFT
201 Massachusetts Ave., N.E. 108, Washington, D.C. 20002

Partial sponsor list: Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr.; Bishop John Wesley Lord; Emil Mazey; Stewart Rawlings Mott; Benjamin Spock, M.D.; Rear Admiral Arnold E. True (Ret.)

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☐ I'd like to have more information and be on your mailing list so I can help. Special skill or background_____.

☐ Tell me how to start a local chapter of NCRD.

☐ Send me information on the Washington, D.C. Draft Workshop on November 16, 1969.

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